

ONCE A WEEK.



I.

ADSUMUS. With no pregnant words, that tremble
With awful Purpose, take we leave to come :
Yet, when one enters where one's friends assemble,
'Tis not good manners to be wholly dumb.
So, the bow made, and hands in kindness shaken,
Accept some lightest lines of rhyme, to speak
Our notion of the work we've undertaken,
Our new hebdomadal—our **ONCE A WEEK.**

II.

Of two wise men, each with his saw or saying,
Thus sprouts the wisdom those who like may reap :
"This world's an Eden, let us all go Maying."
"This world's a Wilderness, let's sit and weep."
Medio tutissimè—extremes are madness—
In Hebrew pages for discretion seek :
"There is a time for mirth, a time for sadness."
We would "be like the time" in **ONCE A WEEK.**

III.

Yet, watching Time at work on youth and beauty,
We would observe, with infinite respect,

That we incline to take that branch of duty
Which he seems most addicted to neglect ;
And while the finest head of hair he's bleaching,
And stealing roses from the freshest cheek,
We would cheat Time himself by simply preaching
How many pleasant things come **ONCE A WEEK.**

IV.

Music, for instance. There's sweet Clara Horner,
Listening to Mario with her eyes and ears :
Observe her, please, up in the left-hand corner :
Type of the dearest of our English dears.
Our hint may help her to admire or quiz it,
To love Mozart, and laugh at Verdi's shriek,
And add another pleasure to her visit
(She shouldn't go much oftener) **ONCE A WEEK.**

V.

Come, Lawyer, why not leave your dusty smother,
Is there not wed to thee a bright-eyed wife ?
Take holiday with her, our learned brother,
And lay up health for your autumnal life.
Her form may lose (by gain), the battle pending ;
Your learned nose become more like a beak,
Meantime, you'll find some tale of struggle, ending
In clients, fees, Q. C., in **ONCE A WEEK.**

VI.

And you, our Doctor, must be sometimes wishing
For something else beside that yellow coach.
Send physic to the sick, and go a fishing,
And come back chubby, sound as any roach.
Don't take the "Lancet" with you on the water,
Or ponder how to smash your rival's clique ;
But take your seldom-treated wife and daughter,
And bid them take three rods, and **ONCE A WEEK.**

VII.

Young Wife, on yonder shore there blow sea-breezes,
Eager your cheek to kiss, your curls to fan,
Your husband—come, you know whatever pleases
Your charming self delights that handsome man.
And you've a child, and mother's faith undoubting
That he's perfection and a thing unique,
Still, he'd be all the better for an Outing—
There rolls the wave, and here is **ONCE A WEEK.**



VIII.

This King was in his counting-house at morning,
 Counting, discounting, where stocks fall and rise;
 But now, at afternoon, his ledger scorning,
 To his own vine and his own fig-tree flies.
 Proud Princess Poll brings him the rich Havannah
 To soothe his royal soul with pleasant reek.
 Pet Princess Meg discrowns him. Princess Anna
 Brings him iced drink, and straws, and ONCE A WEEK.

IX.

We shall have hints for him, at which he'll grumble,
 "What should an author know about such things?"
 But reading on, his Majesty, more humble,
 May learn—more wise than several other Kings.
 When he returns to business and its rudeness,
 And in Old Jewry meets a smirking Greek,
 He'll wink, and say (quite proud too of his shrewdness),
 "That is the rogue they sketched in ONCE A WEEK."

X.

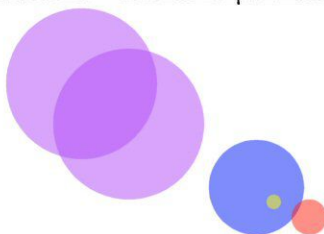
Nor to the rich alone, or those who're striving
 Upward for riches, is our sermon read;
 To other thousands nobly, humbly, hiving
 Their little stores for winter it is said.
 Far easier than they dream is the transition
 From the dull parlour, or the garret bleak,
 To fields and flowers—a beatific vision
 Devoutly to be pray'd for ONCE A WEEK.

XI.

"The world is too much with us" for resistance
 To importunities that never cease:
 Yet we may sometimes bid it keep its distance,
 And leave us hours for holier thoughts, and peace;
 For quiet wanderings where the woodbine flowers,
 And for the Altar, with its teachings meek;—
 Such is the lesson of this page of ours,
 Such are the morals of our ONCE A WEEK.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.





MAGENTA.

I.

UNDER the willows ; in the trampled maize ;
 Midst up-torn vines, and shatter'd mulberry rows ;
 In rice-fields, corn-fields, dykes by dusty ways,
 And cottage-crofts, where the gold gourd-flower
 blows,—
 Swathes of Death's scythe, wielded for two long days—
 The dead lie thick and still : foes all at peace with foes.

II.

So many nameless dead ! no meed of glory
 For all this blood, so freely pour'd, is theirs ;
 Yet each life here link'd many in its story
 Of hopes and loves and hates, of joys and cares.
 Of these unhonour'd sleepers, grim and gory,
 Who knows, out of the world how much each with him
 bears !



III.

These were all sons or aires ; husbands or brothers ;
 Bread-winners, most of them, for homes afar.
This a sick father's stay ; *that* a blind mother's ;
 For *him* in Paris, 'neath the evening star,
 A loving heart its care in labour smother's,
 Till taught by arms of price, how far they strike—
how far !

IV.

Cry ! let the poor soul wrestle with the woe
 Of that bereavement. Who takes thought of her !
 Through the illumined streets the triumphs go ;
 Under her window waving banners stir,
 And shouting crowds to Notre Dame that flow.
 Hide, mourner, hide the tears which might such
 triumphs blur !

TOM TAYLOR.

THE SONG OF COURTESY.

I.

When Sir Gawain was led to his bridal bed,
By Arthur's knights in scorn God-spied :—
How, think you, he felt ?
O the bride within
Was yellow and dry as a snake's old skin ;
Loathly as sin !
Scarcely faceable,
Quite unembraceable ;
With a hog's bristle on a hag's chin !—
Gentle Gawain felt as should we,
Little of Love's soft fire knew he :
But he was the Knight of Courtesy.

II.

When that evil lady he lay beside
Bade him turn to welcome his bride,
What, think you, he did ?
O, to spare her pain,
And let not his loathing her loathliness vain
Mirror too plain,
Sadly, sighingly,
Almost dyingly,
Turned he and kissed her once and again.
Like Sir Gawain, gentles, should we ?
Silent, all ! But for pattern agree
There's none like the Knight of Courtesy.



III.

Sir Gawain sprang up amid laces and curls :
Kisses are not wasted pearls :—
What clung in his arms ?
O, a maiden flower,
Burning with blushes the sweet bride-bower,
Beauty her dower !
Breathing perfumingly,
" Shall I live bloomingly, "
Said she, " by day, or the bridal hour ? "
Thereat he clasp'd her, and whisper'd he,
" Thine, rare bride, the choice shall be. "
Said she, " Twice blest is Courtesy ! "

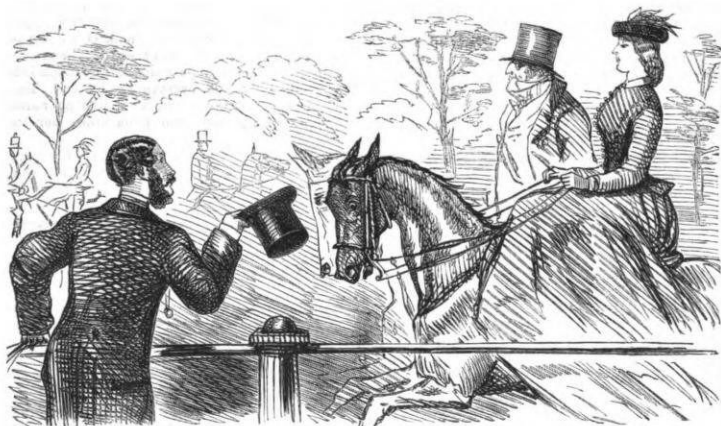
IV.

Of gentle Sir Gawain they had no sport,
When it was morning in Arthur's court ;
What, think you, they cried ?
" Now, life and eyes !
This bride is the very Saint's dream of a prize,
Fresh from the skies !
See ye not, Courtesy
Is the true Alchemy,
Turning to gold all it touches and tries ?
Like the true knight, may we
Make the basest that be
Beautiful ever by Courtesy ! "

GEORGE MEREDITH.



NIGHT AND MORNING.



So they've sent you a card, my Adonis,
For the Countess's ball of to-night ;
You fancy no fate like your own is,
No future so charmingly bright.

It costs half-a-crown for a Hansom
To go to that beautiful ball,
Though shortly a duchess's ransom
You'd give to have not gone at all.

For you dance with some lovely young creature
With a winning soft grace and a smile ;
And you dwell on each look and each feature
As if Paradise opened the while :

You clasp her slight waist in the "Dewdrop,"
Though you feel that your touch is profane,
And think that fair burthen ere you'd drop
You would die to the cornet's wild strain.

The cornet blows louder and brisker,
She grows more confiding and weak,
Her soft tresses tickle your whisker,
Her soft breath is warm on your cheek ;

And in the excitement grown bolder,
You murmur soft words in her ear,
And in blushes quite low on your shoulder
She replies what Mamma must not hear ;

Replies : " I delight in these cruasbes,
One can talk though the dances are full ;
You don't go next week to the duchess !
Then I'm sure I shall find it quite dull."

But now for the next dance they're starting,
She shrinks to the chaperon's wings ;
You press the small hand in the parting,
And her eyes say unspeakable things.

You cherish for many days after
The look that so lovingly beams :
'Tis a sorrow that stifles your laughter,
'Tis a joy that is bright on your dreams.

You fancy, so lightly she dances,
Her dear little foot on your stair ;
You people with those sunny glances
A sweet little home in May Fair :

You saw that all eyes were upon her
As she moved down that glittering room,
And you fancy, when once you have won her,
How pretty she'll look in your brougham.

O ! visions that madly you cherish ;
O ! smile that was cruelly false ;
O ! hopes that were born but to perish ;
O ! dream that has fled with the valse !

When next you meet, doffing your beaver,
You look for her bow—but in vain—
The dear little ball-room deceiver
Doesn't offer to know you again.

Can it be you have flirted together !—
Now she on her hack canters by ;
And you're not worth one wave of her feather ;
You're not worth one glance of her eye.

Then, like ships without sailors to man 'em,
Your visions seem drifting away,
And you count your few hundreds per annum,
And their fractions at each Quarter-day.

And this, when you sum the case up, is
The result (though your feelings it hurts),—
All men are self-confident puppies,
All women are frivolous flirts !

R. BENSON.



RELIQUES OF THE LOST.

" A large boat : within her were two human skeletons . . . a small Bible, interlined in many places, with numerous references written in the margin."—CAPT. MCCLINTOCK'S *Journal*.

OUR stout hearts brave the ice-winds bleak,
Our keen eyes scan the endless snow :
All sign or trace of those we seek,
Has past and perish'd long ago.

O, flash of hope ! O, joyous thrill !
Onward with throbbing hearts we haste,
For, looming through the ice-fog chill,
A lonely boat is on the waste !

Sad recompense of all our toil,
Wrung from the iron realms of frost,
A mournful, but a precious spoil,—
A reliquary of the lost.

Here lie the arms, the sail, the oar,
Dank with the storms of winters ten,
And by their unexhausted store
The bones that once were stalwart men.

Their last dark record none may learn :
Whether, in feebleness and pain,
Heartaick they watch'd for the return
Of those who never came again ;

Or if amid the stillness drear
They felt the drowsy death-chill creep,
Then stretch'd them on their snowy bier,
And slumber'd to their last long sleep ;

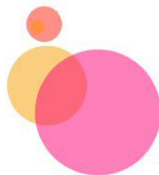
He only knows, whose Word of Hope
Was with them in the closing strife,
And taught their spirits how to cope
With agony that wins to life—

He only knows, whose Word of Might
Watch'd by them in their slow decay,—
Sure pledge that Death's long, polar night
Should brighten into endless day :

And when the sun with face unveil'd
Was circling through the summer sky,
With silent words of promise hail'd
The symbol of Eternity.

Welcome, dear relique ! witness rare !
Faithful as if an angel wrote :
Though Death had set his signet there,
The Lord of Life was in the boat.

EDMUND BOGER, M.A.



THE GRANDMOTHER'S APOLOGY.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.



I.

AND Willy, my eldest born, is gone, you say, little Anne ?
Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he looks like a man.
And Willy's wife has written : she never was overwise,
Never the wife for Willy : he wouldn't take my advice.

II.

For, Annie, you see, her father was not the man to save,
Hadh't a head to manage, and drank himself into his grave.
Pretty enough, very pretty ! but I was against it for one.
Eh !—but he wouldn't hear me—and Willy, you say, is gone.

III.

Willy, my beauty, my eldest boy, the flower of the flock,
Never a man could fling him : for Willy stood like a rock.
"Here's a leg for a babe of a week !" says doctor ; and he would be bound,
There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round.

IV.

Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his tongue !
I ought to have gone before him : I wonder he went so young.
I cannot cry for him, Annie : I have not long to stay ;
Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far away.

V.

Why do you look at me, Annie ? you think I am hard and cold ;
But all my children have gone before me, I am so old :
I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest ;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

VI.

For I remember a quarrel I had with your father, my dear,
All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear.
I mean your grandfather, Annie : it cost me a world of woe,
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

VII.

For Jenny, my cousin, had come to the place, and I knew right well
That Jenny had tript in her time : I knew, but I would not tell.
And she to be coming and slandering me, the base little liar !
But the tongue is a fire as you know, my dear, the tongue is a fire.

VIII.

And the parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise,
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

IX.

And Willy had not been down to the farm for a week and a day ;
And all things look'd half-dead, tho' it was the middle of May.
Jenny, to slander me, who knew what Jenny had been !
But soiling another, Annie, will never make oneself clean.

X.

And I cried myself well-nigh blind, and all of an evening late
I climb'd to the top of the garth, and stood by the road at the gate.
The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the dale,
And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me chirrup the nightingale.

XI.

All of a sudden he stopt : there past by the gate of the farm,
Willy,—he didn't see me,—and Jenny hung on his arm.
Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew how ;
Ah, there's no fool like the old one—it makes me angry now.

XII.

Willy stood up like a man, and look'd the thing that he meant ;
Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking courtesy and went.
And I said, " Let us part : in a hundred years it'll all be the same,
You cannot love me at all, if you love not my good name."

XIII.

And he turn'd, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the sweet moonshine :
" Sweetheart, I love you so well that your good name is mine.
And what do I care for Jane, let her speak of you well or ill ;
But marry me out of hand : we two shall be happy still."

XIV.

" Marry you, Willy ! " said I, " but I needs must speak my mind,
I fear you will listen to tales, be jealous and hard and unkind."
But he turn'd and clasp't me in his arms, and answer'd, " No, love, no ;"
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

XV.

So Willy and I were wedded : I wore a lilac gown ;
And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown.
But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born,
Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn.

XVI.

That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of death.
There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath.
I had not wept, little Anne, not since I had been a wife ;
But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had fought for his life.

XVII.

His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain :
I look'd at the still little body—his trouble had all been in vain.
For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see him another morn :
But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born.

XVIII.

But he cheer'd me, my good man, for he seldom said me nay :
Kind, like a man, was he ; like a man, too, would have his way :
Never jealous—not he : we had many a happy year ;
And he died, and I could not weep—my own time seem'd so near.

XIX.

But I wish'd it had been God's will that I, too, then could have died :
I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his side.
And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't forget :
But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me yet.

XX.

Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left me at two,
Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you :
Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,
While Harry is in the five-acre and Charlie ploughing the hill.

XXI.

And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too—they sing to their team :
Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a dream.
They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

XXII.

And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left alive ;
For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty-five ;
And Willy, my eldest born, at nigh threescore and ten ;
I knew them all as babies, and now they're elderly men.

XXIII.

For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve ;
I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve :
And the neighbours come and laugh and gossip, and so do I ;
I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.

XXIV.

To be sure the preacher says, our sins should make us sad :
But mine is a time of peace, and there is Grace to be had ;
And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease ;
And in this Book, little Annie, the message is one of Peace.

XXV.

And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain,
And happy has been my life ; but I would not live it again.
I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long for rest ;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

XXVI.

So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower ;
But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone for an hour,—
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next ;
I, too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be vexed ?

XXVII.

And Willy's wife has written, she never was overwise.
Get me my glasses, Annie : thank God that I keep my eyes.
There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have past away.
But stay with the old woman now : you cannot have long to stay.

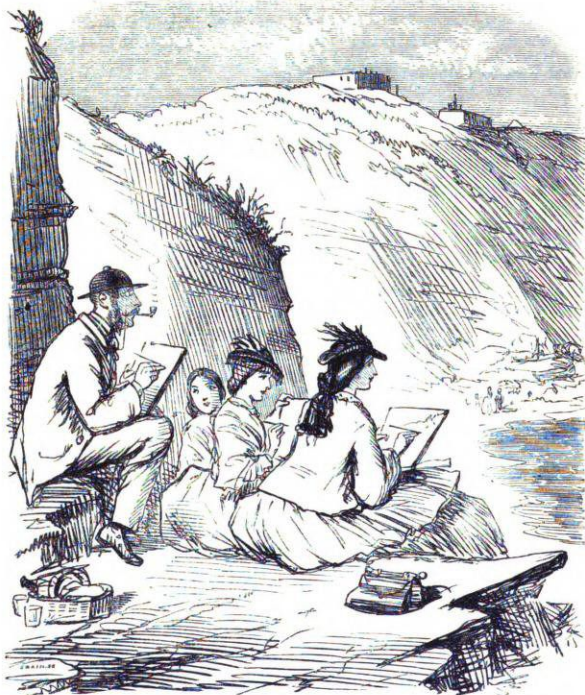
SKETCHING THE CASTLE.

I.

SKETCHING the castle, there they sit,
A happy group, this summer day :
But I, who cannot draw one bit,
Can sketch it too as well as they.

II.

Yet if you saw my castle-sketch
You might begin to laugh or rail :
I own, indeed, it might not fetch
A price at Mr. Christie's sale.



III.

For, look. You find no donjon-keep,
No frowning arch, no stern old wall ;
And where's the moat, so broad and deep ?
"It's not," you say, "the thing at all.

IV.

"You've tried to draw an English cot,
A cottage set in flowers and trees,
A fountain near a garden grot,
And birds of song, and hives of bees.

V.

"And there's a lady, young and mild,
Who smiles her bees and flowers among ;
Before her crawls a white-limb'd child,
Beside her sits a husband young.

VI.

"And, yes,—why, you audacious wretch,
She's something like Miss Laura there—"
Pooh, hold your tongue, I choose to sketch
My little castle—in the air. S. B.



ON THE WATER.

I.

On the water, on the water,
While the summer days were fair,
Whispering words in softest accents
Thro' a veil of drooping hair;
While the little ear was peeping,
Half-ashamed and rosy red,
Blushing at the earnest meaning
Of the tender words I said—

II.

On the water, on the water,
Fairly shone the sunbeams then,
Dancing on the tiny ripples,
Lighting up the far-off glen;
None could hear us save the Iris,
Swaying in her golden pride,
And the lilies ever moving
With the motion of the tide.

III.

On the water, on the water,
While the twilight shades drew nigh,
Catching at the drooping branches,
As we floated idly by;
Oh! her small hand's gentle pressure,
And her glance all words above,
And her soft cheek's bright carnation,
When I told her all my love!

IV.

On the water, on the water,
Now I float, but all alone,
And I miss the silken ringlets,
And the little hand is gone;
Dies the sunset's crimson beauty,
Comes the twilight as of yore,
All remind me of the dear one,
Lost to me for evermore.

MEMOR.

ECKART THE TRUSTY.

(FROM GOETHE.)

"How dark it is growing—I wish we were back!
They are coming, they're here, the hobgoblins, alack!
The band of the Sorceress Sisters!
See, see, where they come! If they light on us here,
They'll be certain to drink every drop of the beer
It has cost us such trouble to fetch here."

So saying, the children push on in affright,
When up from the heath starts a grizzly old wight.
"Stop, stop, child!—my children, be quiet!
They are thirsty and hot, for they come from the chase,
Let them drink what they like without squall or grimace,
And the Growsome Ones they will be gracious."

And up come the goblins that moment, and they
Look ghostlike and growsome, and ghastly and grey,
Yet they revel and riot it roandy.
The beer it has vanish'd, the pitchers are bare,
Then whooping and hooting away through the air,
O'er hill and dale clatter the Weird Ones.



Off homeward, all quaking, the children they hied,
And the kindly old greybeard troops on by their side.

"Do not weep so and whimper, my darlings."
"They'll scold us and beat us for this." "Never fear,
All yet will go famously well with the beer,
If you'll only be mum as young mice, dears."

"Mind you follow my bidding, and surely you may,
I am he who delights with small children to play:
You know me—Old Eckart the Trusty.

Of that wonderful wight you've heard many a lay,
But never had proof what he is till to-day:
Now you hold in your hands a most rare one."

Arrived at their home, each small child, with a face
Of terror, his pitcher sets down in its place,
And waits to be beaten and scolded.

When the old folks they sip : "Oh, what excellent beer !"
Three, four times they take a strong pull at the cheer,
Yet still do the pitchers brim over.



The miracle lasted that night and next day ;
And if you should ask, as you very well may,
What became, in the end, of the pitchers !
The little mice titter, enjoying the joke,
But at length, sirs, they stammer'd and stutter'd and
spoke,
And the pitchers immediately dried up !

And, children, if e'er, looking kindly and true,
An old man, or father, or master teach you,
Give heed, and do all that he bids you,
Though to bridle your tongues it may cost you some pain,
Yet to chatter is bad, to be silent is gain,
And it makes the beer brim in the pitchers !
THEODORE MARTIN.

THE THREE MAIDENS.



THERE were three maidens met on the highway ;
 The sun was down, the night was late :
 And two sang loud with the birds of May,
 "O the nightingale is merry with its mate."

Said they to the youngest, "Why walk you there so
 The land is dark, the night is late :"
 "O, but the heart in my side is ill,
 And the nightingale will languish for its mate."

Said they to the youngest, "Of lovers there is store ;
 The moon mounts up, the night is late :"
 "O, I shall look on no man more,
 And the nightingale is dumb without its mate."

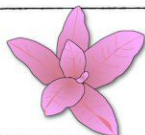
Said they to the youngest, "Uncross your arms and
 The moon mounts high, the night is late :"
 "O my dear lover can hear no thing,
 And the nightingale sings only to its mate."

"They slew him in revenge, and his true-love was his
 The moon is pale, the night is late :"
 His grave is shallow on the moor ;
 O the nightingale is dying for its mate."

"His blood is on his breast, and the moss-roots at his
 The moon is chill, the night is late :"
 But I will lie beside him there :
 O the nightingale is dying for its mate."

"Farewell, all happy friends, and my parents kiss for
 The morn is near, the night is late :"
 He bids me come, and quiet be,
 O the nightingale is dying for its mate."

GEORGE MEREDITH.



BARON JAUÏOZ.

(FROM THE BRETON.)

As I was washing, the stream hard by,
 Sudden I heard the death-bird's cry.

"Wot you, Tina, the story goes,
 You are sold to the Lord of Jauïoz !"

"Is't true, dear mother, the thing I'm told?
 Is't true that to Lord Janioz I'm sold?"

"My poor little darling, nought I know,—
 Go, ask your father if this be so."

"Father, dear father, say is it true
 That Lord Janioz I am sold unto?"

"My darling daughter, nought I know,
 Go, ask your brother if it be so."

"Lannick, my brother, oh, tell me, pray!
 Am I sold to that Lord the people say?"

"You are sold to that Lord the people say,
 You must up and ride without delay;
 You must up and ride to his castle straight,
 For your price has been paid by tale and weight:
 Fifty crowns of the silver white,
 And as many crowns of the gold so bright."

"Now tell me, tell me, mother dear,
 What clothes is't fitting I should wear?"

My gown of grain, or of grey, shall't be,
 That my sister Helen made for me!

My gown of grain, or my gown of white,
 And my bodice of samite so jump and tight?"

"Bust thee, bust thee, as likes thee best,
 Small matter, my child, how thou art drest.
 A bonny black horse is tied at the gate,
 And there till the fall o' the night he'll wait,—
 Till the fall o' the night that horse will stay,
 All fairly saddled to bear thee away."

II.

Short space had she rode when the bells of St. Anne,—
 Her own church bells—to ring began.

Then sore she wept, as she sat in selle:
 "Farewell, Oh sweet St. Anne, farewell!
 Farewell, dear bells of my own countrie,
 Dear bells of the church I no more shall see!"

As on she rode by the lake of Pain,
 'Twas there she saw of ghosts a train,—
 A train of ghosts all robed in white,
 That in tiny boats on the lake shone bright,—
 A crowd of ghosts—that all for dread
 Her teeth they chatter'd in her head.

As on she rode through the valley of Blood,
 The ghosts stream'd after like a flood;
 Her heart it was so sad and sore,
 That she closed her eyes to see no more;
 Her heart it was so full of woe,
 That she fell in swoon as she did o.

III.

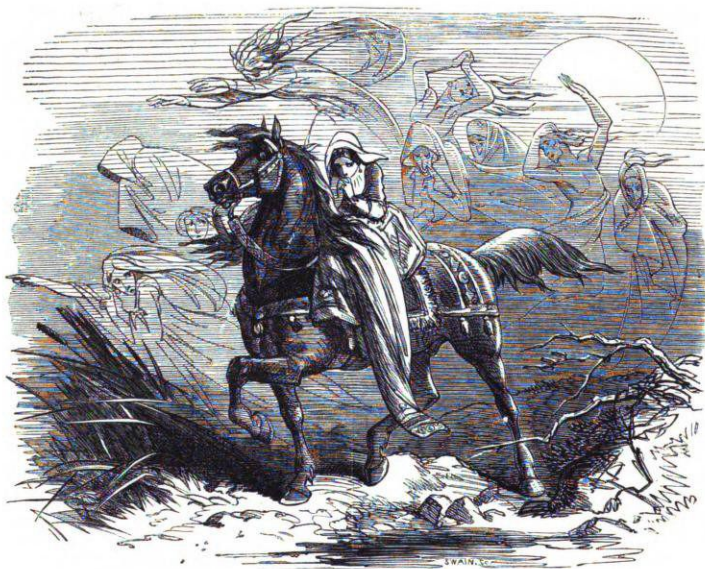
'Now, draw anigh, and take a seat,
 Until 'tis time to go to meat."
 The Baron he sat in the ingle-place,
 And black as a raven was his face;

His beard and hair were white as snow ;
Like lighted brands his eyes did glow.

"I see—I see a maiden here,
That I have sought this many a year.

My bonny May, wilt come with me,
One after one my treasures to see ;

From room to room to see my store,
And count my gold and silver o'er !"



"Oh, better I'd bruik with my minnie to be,
Counting faggots with her, than gold with thee."

"Come down to the cellar, ladie mine,
To drink with me of the honey-sweet wine."

"Sooner I'd stoop to the croft-pool brink,
Where my father's horses go to drink."

"Come with me from shop to shop, my fair,
To buy a mantle of state so rare."

"Oh, better I'd bruik a sackcloth shift,
An 'twere my mother's make and gift."

"Ye'll come with me to the wardrobe straight,
For a trimming to trim your robe of state."

"Better I'd bruik the white lace plain,
That my sister made me, my own Elaine."

"May mine—May mine—if your words be true,
It's little love I shall have of you !

I would that blister'd had been my tongue,
Ere my fool's head ran on a leman young—

Ere my fool's hand wasted the good red gold,
For a maiden that will not be consoled."

IV.

"Dear little birds, I pray you fair,
To hear my words, high up in air ;

You go to my village, and you are glad,
I may not go, and I am sad.

The friends that are in my own countrie,
When you shall see them greet from me,—

Oh ! greet the good mother that me bare,
And the sire that rear'd me with love and care,—

Oh ! greet from me my mother true :
The old priest that baptised me too ;—

Oh, bid them all farewell from me,
And give my brother my pardon free."

V.

Two months or three had pass'd away,
All warm abed the household lay,—

All warm abed, and sleeping light
Upon the middle of the night

No sound without, no sound within,
When a gentle voice at the door came in :

"My father, my mother, for God's dear sake,
Due prayer for me the priest gar make.

And pray you, too, and mourning wear,
For your daughter lies upon her bier."

TOM TAYLOR.

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHT.



USKAND, you are busy thinking,
Past and present ever linking ;
Take a penny for the thought :—
Strike a bargain. Is it bought ?
Let me know."

" 'Tis a fancy over-wrought !
Be it so.
I remember, long ago,
Cupid's dart
Struck my heart ;
Cupid caught me unware ;
On the landing of a stair,
Strung his bow.
And I'm still acutely feeling
(For the wound is never-healing)
All the smart
Of the blow.

" And a maiden fresh and fair,
Sitting yonder in the chair,
Saw him do it :
Held me by her eyes and hair—
By the magic of her air—
Held me there
While he drew it.
Now you know,
Pay for hearing !—Only this :
But a penny !
Take it back, and give—a kiss.
One of many.

J. F. F.

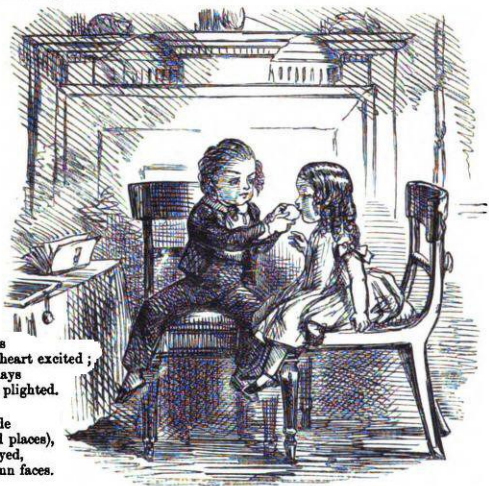
RETROSPECTIVE.

I NEVER shall forget the school
 Conducted by the Misses Gurning,
 For underneath those ladies' rule
 I enter'd on the path of learning.

Not merely learning got from books,
 But such as comes in other fashion,—
 The science taught by lips and looks,
 The all-absorbing tender passion.

At last I kiss'd her, and instead
 Of any show of feeling nettled,
 She put her hand in mine, and said,
 "I like you." And so that was settled.

Why not! My age was six, or more,
 As nearly as I now remember;
 And Laura told me she was four
 "The twenty-ninth of last November."



'Twas pretty little Laura Hayes
 Whose charms my youthful heart excited;
 I hadn't been at school three days
 Before our solemn troth was plighted.

I found my seat was by her side
 (For all in school had settled places),
 And there we both sat, open-eyed,
 Staring with grave and solemn faces.

Her face was round, her eyes were grey,
 Her teeth were sharp as well as pearly
 (She bit me in a tiff one day),
 Her hair was long, and brown, and curly.

Our love was placid, calm, compact;
 No sighs, no prayers, no doubts, no quaking;
 No vows, or oaths; there was, in fact,
 Plenty of love, but no love-making.

Few were our clouda, our April showers,
 Our jealous quarrels, and repentance;
 We used to sit and stare for hours,
 And not exchange one single sentence.

And, loving words thus being few,
 We often found it very handy
 To show our warmth of feeling through
 The medium of our sugar-candy.

But other things as well as sweets
 Form'd mute memorials of feeling;
 As fruit, or pie-crust, potted meats,
 Or toast, or even orange peeling.

So things went on, until at last
 (Some comment having been excited),
 I said that, after what had pass'd,
 We really ought to get united.

But Laura took a different view,
 Thought we were very well without it;
 And ask'd me, likewise, if I knew
 The proper way to set about it!

I told her (after some research)
 All that was needful for our marriage
 Was, just that we should go to church
 And back again—but in a carriage.

She seem'd to like that; so I press'd
 The matter with the greater vigour;
 But then she said it would be best
 To stay till we were rather bigger.

In spite of all that I could plead,
 Laura's resolve was only strengthen'd;
 So that at length we both agreed
 To wait until—her frocks were lengthen'd.

She gave me her most solemn word
 Our smallness was the only reason
 Which prompted, when she thus deferr'd
 Our union to a future season.

Well, matters being settled so,
 How came it that our love miscarried?
 I cannot tell,—but this I know,
 She's not my wife, and I am married.

C. P. WILLIAM.

THE ROUND TOWER AT JHANSI.—JUNE 8, 1857.

A HUNDRED, a thousand to one; even so;
Not a hope in the world remained;
The swarming, howling wretches below
Gained, and gained, and gained.

S— look'd at his pale young wife :—
"Is the time come?" "The time *is* come."
Young, strong, and so full of life;
The agony struck them dumb.

"Will it hurt much?" "No, mine own;
I wish I could bear the pang for both."
"I wish I could bear the pang alone:
Courage, dear! I am not loth."

Kiss and kiss: "It is not pain
Thus to kiss and die.
One kiss more." "And yet one again."
"Goodbye." "Goodbye."

CAROLINE G. ROSSSETTI.



THE BELLE OF THE SEASON.

Yes, she is very beautiful, with sunlight in her
glancing;
Her coral lips are parted to a music low and sweet;
The grace of all her movement swells to triumph in her
dancing,
And like snowflakes on the flooring fall her dainty
sandal'd feet.

Yes, she is very beautiful, and favour'd ones are round
her,
With eyes that look her being through—and hers not
turn'd away—
Still I would their homage seem'd not so all-powerless
to confound her,
That a blush were on her fair cheek at the burning
words they say.

For the dance are many suppliant; to win her hand's
a labour;
There was one, I saw, who claim'd it, but she look'd
him queenly down;
There were coronets in waiting, he was but a country
neighbour,
Who was he who dared ambition such a pride of
place in town?

Who was he? Her childhood's playmate; nay,
perhaps her childhood's lover;
One whose pride was in her beauty, and her con-
quests, nothing more;
With her woodlands murmuring round her, and her
pure home-akes above her,
She will gladden him again, perchance, with greeting
as of yore.

What is there in this atmosphere we call the world of
fashion,
That robs the heart at dawning of its innocence and
truth?
There's calm of cold indifference, there's storm of sum-
mer passion,
But no bright springtide wavelets for the tender
barque of youth.

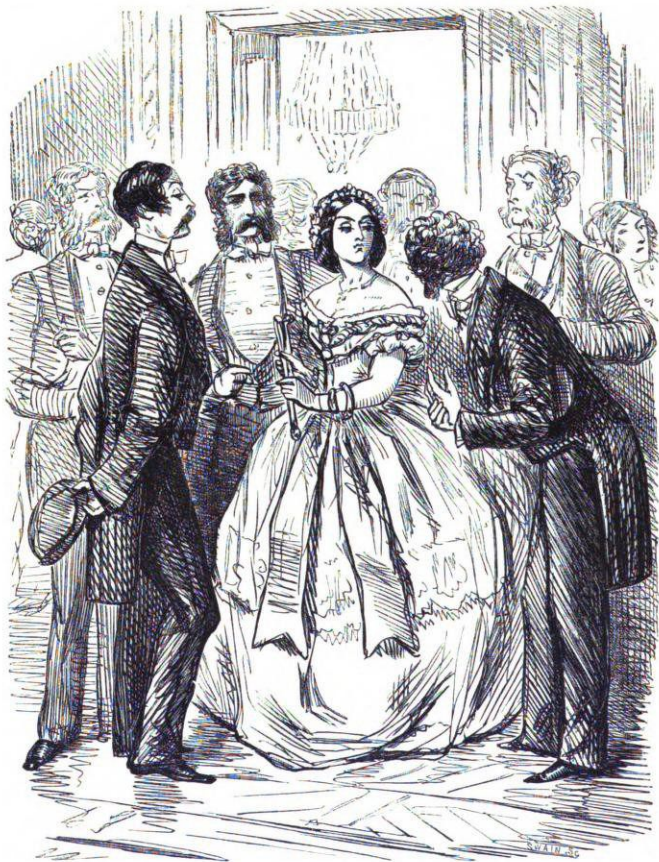
The chestnut-trees in Aubrey Park were white when
first I knew her,
And sweet broom-scented breezes came sweeping up
the glen;
The brightest things in nature seem'd to throng her
path to woo her;
They brought her all the flattery that thrill'd her
spirit then.

Two summers silver-blossoming have brighten'd and
have faded
Since I met her in her morning's prime, half-woman
and half-child,
With the modest little bonnet that her violet eyes o'er-
shaded,
And the maiden blush that mantled on her features
when she smiled.

She came down to the grey old church when Sabbath
bells were ringing,
She came down calm and thoughtful through the
arching linden-trees,
School-faces clustering round her, as her clear voice led
the singing,
And the dim reply of angels as her fingers swept the
keys.

Round the jammied cottage porches there was child-
hood's happy laughter ;
For each she had some tender look, some kindly
word to say ;
She enter'd in ; it seem'd, they said, a blessing follow'd
after,
To cheer the poor sick pallet when her footfall died
away.

Had they left there that image fair, that life so purely
moulded ;
Those links that bound her being round, those links
of love untriven !
What time is now for peaceful brow, for little hands
prayer-folded !
What leisure for sweet offices that win the way to
Heaven !



O, they changed her when they brought her here, with
a change that passes telling ;
A countless stood her sponsor, and her fair face made
her known ;
But no more the streams of Aubrey will reflect the
same sweet Helen,
And no more the hearts that loved her so, will dare
to claim their own.

Ay ! love her for her lovely face, and bless her for her
brightness,
But add one heartfelt hope for her, and think one
thought of prayer,
That she look not back too late for the old days' peace
and lightness
But to find a desert round her, where the sunny
gardens were !
RALPH A. BENSON.

OVER THE HILLS.



THE old hound wags his shaggy tail,
And I know what he would say :
It's over the hills we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills, and away.

There's nought for us here save to count the clock,
And hang the head all day :
But over the hills we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

Here among men we're like the deer
That yonder is our prey :
So, over the hills we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

The hypocrite is master here,
But he's the cock of clay :
So, over the hills we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

The women, they shall sigh and amile,
And madden whom they may :
It's over the hills we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

Let silly lads in couples run
To pleasure, a wicked fay :
'Tis ours on the heather to bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

The torrent glints under the rowan red,
And shakes the bracken spray :
What joy on the heather to bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

The sun bursts broad, and the heathery bed
Is purple, and orange, and gray :
Away, and away, we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away. GEORGE MEREDITH.

LAMENT FOR EROS.



NED STOKES'S CAROL ON COTTAGES.

Eros is dead ! I saw his lovely eyes,
 Lovely and languishing, like stars that fled,
 When morning came along the purple skies.
 Eros is dead !

Eros is dead ! I saw his rose-lips parted,
 And the last sigh, exhaled like perfume shed,
 And troops of virgins, wailing broken-hearted,
 "Eros is dead !"

Eros is dead ! from Earth's moist murky cave,
 Came forth dark Mammon with unholy tread,
 I heard him shout, exulting o'er the grave,
 "Eros is dead !"

Eros is dead ! young Eros, the divine,
 Forsaking ours, to purer worlds hath fled,
 Twine ye the cypress, weeping virgins, twine,
 "Eros is dead !"

B. AIKIN.



With my shovel on my shoulder
 At the early dawn of day,
 I hasten to the turnip-field,
 Or scuffle through the hay ;
 My forehead feels the fresher
 As the sweet air blows agin it,
 For my cottage an't a model one
 Wi' a ventilator in it.

And yet it an't so close,
 Barring the time o' year ;
 We ben't no more than seven,
 And a winder in the rear ;

There can't no nokahus vapours
 Through its open casement fall,
 For it doesn't open widely,
 And it looks upon a wall.

This morning, though, a queerish pain
 Is shooting through my head,
 For Bill and Tommy's whooping cough
 'Moet shook us out o' bed ;
 And I dreamt as how the savages,
 As I heer'd of t'other day,
 Were tearing off my old grey scalp
 With a "hip, hip, hip, hooray !"

They say them model dwellins
 Be a poorish speculation,
 And fill the purse o' squires and lords
 Wi' nothing but vexation :
 So the like of us should, sartain, be
 Wi' a single room content
 When stars and garters get no more
 Than four or five per cent.

They talk of Hoxxygen, and all
 Them cattle in the air,
 And say as how there ought to be
 A little everywhere.
 But I says, says I, it an't no use
 To poor folk, any way,
 The Squire won't give us Hoxxygen
 Till Hoxxygen do pay.

It an't to be expected
 That, wi' all they've got to do,
 They'd build their noble mansions
 And our model cottage too.
 It pays 'em better, I believe,
 To speculate in stud :
 If they can be content wi' turf,
 Be we content wi' mud.

J. S.



THE LAST WORDS OF JUGGLING JERRY.

PITCH here the tent, while the old horse grazes :

By the old hedge-side we'll halt a stage.

It's nigh my last above the daisies :

My next leaf 'll be man's blank page.

Yes, my old girl ! and it's no use crying :

Juggler, constable, king, must bow.

One that outjuggles all's been spying

Long to have me, and has me now.

We've travelled times to this old common :

Often we've hung our pots in the gorse.

We've had a stirring life, old woman !

You, and I, and the old grey horse.

Races, and fairs, and royal occasions,

Found us coming to their call :

Now they'll miss us at our stations :

There's a Juggler outjuggles all !

Up goes the lark, as if all were jolly !

Over the duck-pond the willow shakes.

It's easy to think that grieving's folly,

When the hand's firm as driven stakes.

Ay ! when we're strong, and braced, and manful,

Life's a sweet fiddle : but we're a batch

Born to become the Great Juggler's han'ful :

Balls he shies up, and is safe to catch.

Here's where the lads of the village cricket :

I was a lad not wide from here :

Couldn't I juggle the bale off the wicket ?

Like an old world those days appear !

Donkey, sheep, geese, and thatch'd ale-house.

know 'em !

They're old friends of my halts, and seem,

Somehow, as if kind thanks I owe 'em :

Juggling don't hinder the heart's esteem.

Juggling's no sin, for we must have victual :

Nature allows us to bait for the fool.

Holding one's own makes us juggle no little ;

But, to increase it, hard juggling's the rule.

You that are sneering at my profession,

Haven't you juggled a vast amount !

There's the Prime Minister, in one Session,

Juggles more games than my sins'll count.



WITHERED.

Oh, there was one I used to know,
A tiny babe, whose witching smiles
Set sweet affection all a-glow ;
Who won me with her simple wiles.

And there was one I used to know,
A little maid with sunny hair ;
And with a brow as white as snow,
And with a heart as light as air.

And there was one I used to know,
A damsel, full of life and grace ;
Who walk'd the great world to and fro
With angel-light upon her face.

And there was one I used to know,
Who lived to bless the old and poor ;
And once I saw with bitter woe
That Death was standing at her door.

There is a tomb that now I know,
'Tis deck'd with flow'rets fair and frail ;
And to that tomb in vain I go,
In hope to peer "behind the veil."

JAS. SMART LINWOOD.

I've murder'd insects with moek thunder :
 Conscience, for that, in men don't quail.
 I've made bread from the bump of wonder :
 That's my business, and there's my tale.
 Fashion and rank all praised the professor :
 Ay ! and I've had my smile from the Queen :
 Bravo, Jerry ! she meant : God bless her !
 Ain't this a sermon on that scene ?

I've studied men from my topey-turvy
 Cloee, and, I reckon, rather true.
 Some are fine fellows : some, right scurvy :
 Most, a dash between the two.
 But it's a woman, old girl, that makes me
 Think more kindly of the race :
 And it's a woman, old girl, that shakes me
 When the Great Juggler I must face.

We two were married, due and legal :
 Honest we've lived since we've been one.
 Lord ! I could then jump like an eagle :
 You danced bright as a bit o' the sun.
 Birds in a May-bush we were ! right merry !
 All night we kiss'd—we juggled all day.
 Joy was the heart of Juggler Jerry !
 Now from his old girl he's juggled away.

It's past parsons to console us :
 No, nor no doctor fetch for me :
 I can die without my bolus ;
 Two of a trade, lass, never agree.
 Parson and Doctor !—don't they love rarely,
 Fighting the devil in other men's fields !
 Stand up yourself and match him fairly :
 Then see how the rascal yields !



I, lass, have lived no gipey, flaunting
 Finery while his poor helpmate grubs :
 Coin I've stored, and you won't be wanting :
 You shan't beg from the troughs and tubs.
 Nobly you've stuck to me, though in his kitchen
 Duke might kneel to call you Cook :
 Palaces you could have ruled and grown rich in,
 But old Jerry you never forsook.
 Hand up the chirper ! ripe ale winks in it ;
 Let's have comfort and be at peace.
 Once a stout draught made me light as a linnet.
 Cheer up ! the Lord must have his lease.
 May be—for none see in that black hollow—
 It's just a place where we're held in pawn,
 And, when the Great Juggler makes us to swallow,
 It's just the sword-trick—I ain't quite gone !

Yonder came smells of the gorse, so nutty,
 Gold-like and warm : it's the prime of May.
 Better than mortar, brick, and putty,
 Is God's house on a blowing day.
 Lean me more up the mound ; now I feel it :
 All the old heath-smells ! Ain't it strange !
 There's the world laughing, as if to conceal it,
 But He is by us, juggling the change.
 I mind it well, by the sea-beach lying,
 Once—it's long gone—when two gulls we beheld,
 Which, as the moon got up, were flying
 Down a big wave that spark'd and swell'd.
 Crack ! went a gun : one fell : the second
 Wheel'd round him twice, and was off for new luck :
 There in the dark her white wing beckon'd :
 Give me a kiss—I'm the bird dead-struck !
 GEORGE MEREDITH.

AMWELL AND ITS QUAKER POET.

Little footsteps lightly print the ground.
Suppressed stanza of GRAY's Elegy.



How many readers of poetry in the present day are conscious of the existence of John Scott? Johnson, who said to Boswell that "he liked individuals among the Quakers, but not the sect," was on terms of friendship with the Poet of Amwell. Scott died in December, 1783. In September, 1784, Johnson, in answer to an application to him to write the good man's life, wrote, "As I have made some advances towards recovery, and loved Scott, I am willing to do justice to his memory." Three months later Johnson himself had obeyed "kind Nature's signal for retreat;" and that memory which the author of the "Lives of the Poets" might have preserved from oblivion, was not rendered more enduring by the somewhat feeble memoir of Hoole, the translator of Tasso.

The poetry of which the main feature is local description rarely attains any permanent fame. The most celebrated poems of this kind are chiefly remembered for passages which have a strong human interest. Such is the passage in "Cooper's Hill," where the distant prospect of St. Paul's suggests the thought of the crowd who run, by several ways, beneath "the sacred pile,"

Some to undo, and some to be undone.

Such is Pope's description, however exaggerated,

of the depopulation produced by the Norman forest-makers. But of all tiresome local poetry, save me, Common Sense, from the unrealities of Garth's "Claremont," where Echo and Narcissus still haunt the groves, and Druids prophesy the glories of the Second George. Save me, also, from Tickell's "Kensington Gardens," their fairies and their dwarfs, their Dryads and their Naiads. Such verses, made to order, have wholly perished, as they deserved to perish. But the Quaker of Amwell poured forth his local poetry out of the abundance of his heart. His mind was the pure reflection of the gentle scenery amidst which his life was passed. He seems to reproduce, almost without an effort, the imagery of the sweet pastoral country amidst which his blameless existence glided away. A passing recollection of the one well-known poem of this man of peace,

I hate that drum's discordant sound,

led me to look at his more elaborate writings. There is nothing very striking in them—few passages that the mind delights to linger over—no vivid flashes of genius. But there is a soothing charm about his home scenes, which in certain moods of the mind is more pleasing than the efforts of more powerful writers. Moreover, the localities

in which the Quaker poet delighted are the primrose-hills and silent silver streams which Isaac Walton "thought too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holy-days." Take your sketch-book, my friend, and let us make a holiday to Amwell.

"Pack clouds away!" The misty June morning will end in sunshine. Less than an hour of railroad will take us to the thriving town whither John Gilpin rode "sore against his will," and stopped not till his horse stood at the Callender's door. We whisk over twenty miles of the flattest country, through this valley of the Lea; but over a country abundantly suggestive of historical memories. We look upon the grey tower of Waltham Abbey, and think of the traditional burial-place of Harold. We look in vain for even a bit of mouldering wall of the proud palace of Theobalds, to help our fancy to a notion of our first Stuart king coming forth to hunt in his forest of Epping, wedged safely in his padded saddle. A few miles onward, and the red turret of the Rye House tells of baffled conspiracy, and of honourable haters of tyranny confounded with vulgar traitors. As we approach Ware, a vision of Alfred rises up, as we think of his memorable exploit of diverting the channel of the Lea, leaving the Danish ships high and dry behind their *Weir*. Fighting against invasions, real or threatened, for ten centuries, the Anglo-Saxon is still compelled to think of defending his soil. Upon the many branches of the Lea in the marshes around Waltham are the great gunpowder works of the Board of Ordnance; and those tall chimneys proclaim where the Enfield rifle is forged.

A walk of some half mile by the side of the New River—which has its highest source close at hand at Chadwell Spring—brings us within the near view of a gently rising hill, crowned by a church tower. We wind along a green lane on a pleasant ascent, and are beneath the high bank where the well-preserved windows of this church of the fourteenth century, and its very perfect apse, peep from behind the richest foliage. Scott has described this charming spot, which wants no feature of the most perfect picture. His "pleased eye"

On Amwell rests at last, its favourite scene.
How picturesque the view! where up the side
Of that steep bank her roofs of russet thatch
Rise, mix'd with trees, above whose swelling tops
Ascends the tall church tower, and loftier still
The hill's extended ridge. How picturesque!
Where slow beneath that bank the silver stream
Glides by the flowery isle, and willow groves
Wave on its northern verge, with trembling tufts
Of oiser intermix'd. How picturesque
The slender group of airy elm, the clump
Of pollard oak, or ash, with ivy brown
Entwined; the walnut's gloomy breadth of boughs,
The orchard's ancient fence of rugged pales,
The haystack's dusty cone, the moss-grown shed,
The clay-built barn, the elder-shaded cot.

The scene has a more dressed appearance now than in the days of its poet. The russet thatch of the elder-shaded cot has given place to the trim

roof of the rose-covered villa. But the natural features—the steep bank, the flowery island, the trees, are still the same. Here is the Amwell spring—the Emme-well of the Domesday Book—one of the heads of the New River. There is an urn to the memory of Middleton on the island, round which the stream flows far more gracefully than in its ordinary course; and on the bank is a stone inscribed with eight lines by the contemplative Quaker:—

Amwell, perpetual be thy stream,
Nor e'er thy spring be less,
Which thousands drink who never dream
Whence flows the boon they bless.
Too often thus ungrateful man
Blind and unconscious lives,
Enjoys kind Heaven's indulgent plan,
Nor thinks of Him who gives.

There is a tranquillising influence in such spots, of which minds formed as those of the poet of Amwell, and of the author of the "Complete Angler," are the best interpreters. Scott has paid his tribute to Isaac Walton, who

Oft our fair haunts explored; upon Lea's shore
Beneath some green tree oft his angle laid,
His sport suspending to admire their charms.

Here all the sweet passages of the cheerful old haberdasher come unbidden into our mind. Two hundred years have passed since he walked forth from his "shop near Chancery Lane," to sit under the high honeysuckle hedge, whilst the shower fell gently upon the teeming earth, and to listen to the birds, who "seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose hill." The hill of Amwell still echoes the nightingale's song, undisturbed by the tread of busy feet. The exquisite passage in which Walton describes the music of the nightingale has been compared by Henry Headley,* with a marked preference, to the more famous strains of Milton and Thomson: "He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!"

Thoughts such as these naturally lead us to climb the rustic steps which mount to the churchyard. Here lie, amidst the peaceful tenants of the hamlet, men not unknown to fame. William Warner, the author of "Albion's England," was buried here in 1609. Scott calls him "the gentle bard, by fame forgotten." He who told the tender story of "Argentile and Curan," was not forgotten when Percy revived the tastes which had been lost in the unimaginative times that had consigned our old poets to oblivion. Robert Mylne, the engineer of Blackfriars Bridge, has here a splendid monument. Scott himself rests in the Quakers' burial-place at Ware. We hear the hum of children's voices on "the hill's

* In his charming volumes, "Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry," 1787.

extended ridge," and are pursuing our way upward, when we come suddenly upon a plain tomb which startles us out of our musings upon past worthies:—

THE REV. RICHARD JONES
Died 1855
Aged 64.

Here then is thy resting-place, most energetic and sagacious of men. Thy worldly wisdom (for thy administrative ability was as eminent as thy profound knowledge) was tempered by as generous and benevolent a heart as ever beat. Yes; thy Haileybury, the home of thy arduous labours, the seat of thy genial hospitality, is in this parish of Amwell; and here thou liest in the prettiest of churchyards. Here is the work of education going forward which Richard Jones, the professor of History and Political Economy, so advanced in a higher sphere. The clergyman of Amwell invites us into his school-room, and the rosiest of girls and the cleanest of boys sing with no mean skill a simple strain in praise of summer. A little farther on, the clergyman's wife sits under a shading elm, and hears a class of elder girls read aloud in the clear air. Life and death; youth and age; the past and the present, blend harmoniously together.

Scott's "Amwell" has the historical allusions that belong to local poetry. Hertford's "Grey Towers," Ware's "Tournaments proud pomp," "Alfred, father of his people," Rhye's "Old Walls" are naturally suggested by the wide prospect. He looks, too, upon Ware Park, where Fanshawe, retired from camps and courts, sat in the garden "famed in Wotton's page," and translated "Guarini's amorous lore." Scott knew not, perhaps, of the admirable wife of Fanshawe—for her Memoirs were unpublished in his time—whose tender anxiety for her husband's freedom Cromwell could not resist; who, when the ship in which they sailed was about to be attacked by a Turkish galley, put on a sailor's blue cap and tarred coat, and stood upon deck beside her husband, who snatched her up in his arms, saying "Good God, that love can make this change!" Scott does not overdo his historical allusions. But he is in his true element when he sings, as old Herrick sang, "of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers." He rejoices to look from the airy point of his Amwell Hill upon the prospect,

Not vast and awful, but confined and fair;
Not the black mountain and the foamy main;
Not the throng'd city, and the busy port;
But pleasant interchange of soft ascent,
And level plain, and growth of shady woods,
And turning course of rivers clear, and sight
Of rural towns, and rural cots, whose roofs
Rise scattering round.

Through these scenes we must wend our way to the Rye House, where the pretty inn will give us refreshment, and the swift train bear us back to "the throng'd city." We can scarcely wander through the valley of the Lea as honest Isaac wandered; for the river has been made navigable by long formal cuts, and the old stream is in most places strictly preserved. So we may gradually

ramble along by the less picturesque New River, and rest at last in the holiday garden of the inn, whither hundreds come by excursion-train and van to escape for a long summer's day from the vast area,

Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air.

Hither come for their annual festivals, clubs of Odd Fellows and of Jolly Fellows—the skilled artisans of great London establishments, such as printers and pianoforte makers. They dine in a vast saloon, formed out of an extension of the old offices of Rumbold the malster, who dwelt in the Rye House. Up the old turret they climb, and look out upon the green fields through which the Lea flows amidst osier'd banks. They crowd into punts, and aspire to angle where Walton angled. They speed over the meadows, and try their unaccustomed hands at trap-ball and quoits. The provident host of the Rye House is justly proud of the patronage of these great associations of ingenious workmen, who dine economically, and care more for ale than champagne. His dining-room is radiant with bright gilt frames, holding pleasant certificates of their excellent fare from the representatives of the merry and contented hundreds who have thus forgot their accustomed lot for the summer holiday long to be remembered. The form of enjoyment is changed: the conveniences for enjoyment have multiplied since Walton described his holidays—"stretching our legs up Tottenham Hill;" "taking our morning draught at the Thatched House at Hodsden;" "leading our mates to an honest alehouse, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall;" "listening to the song of "a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be." We have no time in our days for such lingering delights; we have no taste for such simple luxuries. We ourselves rejoice to find as good a dinner at the Rye House as at the Bedford, instead of bringing out of our fish-bags "a piece of powdered beef and a radish or two." We sit contentedly sipping our sherry and water and puffing our cigar under alcoves festooned with roses, instead of indulging in such rare gratification as that with which happy Isaac finished his three days' sport—"a bottle of sack, milk, oranges, and sugar, which all put together make a drink like nectar—indeed, too good for anybody but anglers." The habitual economy of those times enabled the industrious tradesman to be occasionally expensive in his tastes. The cheapness and rapidity of modern conveyance permits the London artisan to have a full day's relaxation with that best of economies, the economy of his time. Our holiday enjoyments are perhaps not quite so poetical as when the cheerful old Piscator went out with a determined purpose to be happy. On the banks of the Lea no milkmaid now charms us with "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow," of

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield.



THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

A SEAPORT DITTY.

"HARK, my maiden, and I'll tell you
By the power of my art,
All the things that e'er befel you,
And the secret of your heart.

"How that you love some one,—don't you ?
Love him better than you say ;
Won't you hear, my maiden, won't you ?
What's to be your wedding-day ?"

"Ah, you cheat, with words of honey,
You tell stories, that you know !
Where's the husband for my money
That I gave you long ago ?

"Neither silver, gold, or copper
Shall you get this time from me ;
Where's the husband, tall and proper,
That you told me I should see !"

"Coming still, my maiden, coming,
With two eyes as black as aloe ;
Marching soldierly, and humming
Gallant love-songs as he goes."

"Get along, you stupid gipsy !
I won't have your barrack-beau ;
Strutting up to me half tipsy,
Saucy—with his chin up—so !"

"Come, I'll tell you the first letter
Of your handsome sailor's name"—
"I know every one, that's better,
Thank you, gipsy, all the same."

"Ha, my maiden, runs your text so ?
Now I see the die is cast ;
And the day is—Monday next." "No,
Gipsy, it was—Monday last !"

MARY BROTHERTON.

SCARBOROUGH—1859.

I HAVE been here a little child, with a nankeen frock
and spade,

The darling and the despot of a pretty little maid :
"She'd never know'd," I heard her say, as we came up
the rocks,
"Such a awful boy as master John for dirtying of his
socks."

And here (ah, merry days!), a boy, I learnt to dive and
swim,
And that dear old sailor taught me his little craft to
trim ;
Or, when the sail flapp'd idly, to "feather" and to
soul,
To catch the whiting, and to shoot the heavy, harmless
gull.

And here from merry Oxford, with the newest thing in
"ties,"

With a coat—the whole "get up," in short, a marvel
and surprise—
I came "to read for honours" (so, in letters home,
'twas said),
And took to flirting on the Spa, and playing *Poule*,
instead.

Here, too, a man, I lost my heart, and woo'd on wave
and strand
My counterpart, my life, until I won that soft, small
hand ;
And for ever shall I bless that hour, in the grotto by
the sea,
When we talk'd of all our mutual love, and wept in
ecstasy.

For now once more with her I come, and though the
children say
That they find hairs in my whiskers of a most decided
gray,
And though my Kate (the "counterpart") must weigh
nigh thirteen stone,
We're happier now than ever—say, are we not, my
own ?

A child runs to us o'er the sand, and his curls are dank
with brine :
My childhood lives again in his, for that little boy is
mine ;
And up above upon the Spa, that handsome, laughing
"swell"
Is our merry Frank, our eldest, in love with every
belle.

God bless them, child and boy, and may He grant to
them, my Kate,
When manhood comes to those our sons, their father's
happy fate :
Such a wife, my own true darling, as thou hast been to
me,
According to thy promise, in the grotto by the sea !
H.

[See page 230.]

TWO PARTINGS.

We parted once before. You wept
When I rose up to go, you did ;
You pray'd for me before you slept,
You little love, you know you did !

And no grief now is on that brow,
Which then, you said, throbb'd so, you did ;
You loved me better then than now,—
You cruel thing, you know you did !

Do you remember what the sea,
I took you out to show you, did ?
You made a pretty simile ;
You false of tongue, you know you did !

You sighed, "That life were like its crests
When sunshine breezes blow," you did !
"To catch love's light before it rests !"
You cold, cold heart, you know you did.

What have I done ? You smile no more
On me as months ago you did ;
You deem my homage now a bore ;
You liked it then, you know you did.

"How blest," you said, "were life with one
Who'd love one truly !" O, you did !
But—you thought I was an elder son,—
You utter flirt, you know you did !

RALPH A. BENSON.



EFFIE CAMPBELL.

PRETTY Effie Campbell

Came to me one day ;
Eyes as bright as sunbeams,
Cheeks with blushes gay.

"I'm so happy, Cousin,
Walter told me all,
In the carriage, coming
From the county ball."

"Have a care, Miss Effie—
Look before you leap ;
Men are fickle, Effie,—
Better wait than weep."

"How you're always preaching
Love to be a crime ;
And a kiss perdition,
Surly Peter Syme."

"Fear these first love whispers,
Thrilling, sweet, and strange ;
Eyes *will* wander, Effie,
And the fancy change."

"I can trust him, Cousin,
With a glad repose ;
Heaven is won by trusting,—
Doubt brings half our woes."

"Are you certain, Effie,
Love will not decay
When your step is slower,
And your hair grows gray ;

"And those eyes, so bonnie,
Look less bright than now ;
And the matron Caution
Saddens cheek and brow !"

"Love may deepen, Peter,
But it will not die ;
Beat its pulse will steadier,
If not quite so high.

"Smoother run the rivers
As they reach the sea,
Calm'd the noisy plunges—
Still'd the shallow glee.

"True love knows no changing
From the dream of youth,
Or, if changed, 'tis better—
'Tis the dream made truth.

"Love that once pined blindly,
Tenderly revere,
And the eyes see clearer
That have look'd through tears.

"Beautiful, for ever,
The grief-soften'd tread ;
And the time-touch'd glances,
And the dear gray head.

"The pathetic paleness,
And the lines of care ;
Memory's consecration
Makes men always fair.

"Lips that came close creeping,
Sweet low love to speak,
Kissing, oh ! so softly,
Weary temples weak.

"Eyes that look'd such pity—
Poor wild eyes above ;
Can these lose their beauty
For the souls that love ?

"But I see you're laughing,
As you always do,
When my speech gets earnest—
As my heart throbs through.

"Weak you think us women,—
Slaves of impulse, vain ;
But our heart is oftentimes
Truer than your brain.

"You're our subjects, septic,
Wrangle as you will ;
Mothers' eyes and bosoms
Mould the children still.

"Tale of woman's glamour—
'Tis the oldest known ;
Better doom with woman
Than an Eden lone.

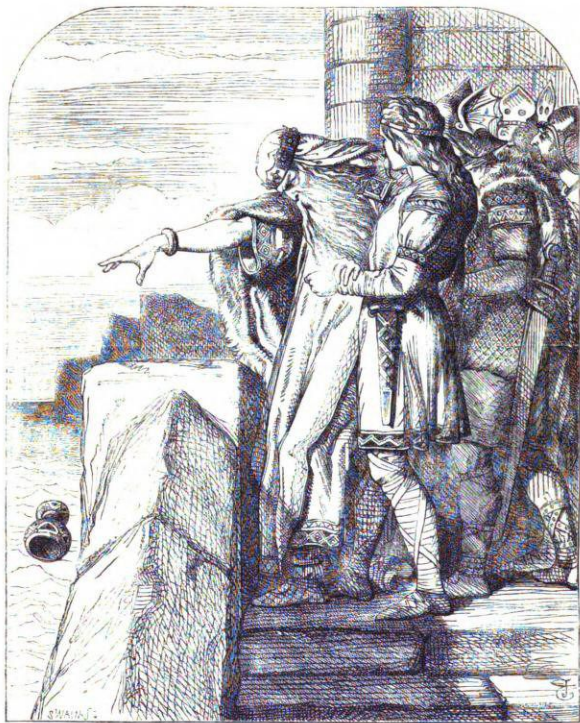
"We shall always snare you,
Struggle as you may ;
I shall see you, Cousin,
Deep in love, one day !"

"Effie !"—but she stopp'd me
With a nod and smile,
Calling, as she curtsy'd,
In her saucy style :

"Bye, bye, Master Peter,—
Take a wife in time,
And she'll make you wiser,
Simple Peter Syme."

JOSEPH TRUMAN.





THE KING OF THULE.

FROM GOETHE.

In Thule dwelt a king, and he
Was leal unto the grave ;
A cup to him of the red red gold
His leman dying gave.

He quaff'd it to the dregs, when'er
He drank among his peers,
And ever, as he drain'd it down,
His eyes would brim with tears.

And when his end drew near, he told
His kingdom's cities up,
Gave all his wealth unto his heir,
But with it not the cup.

He sat and feasted at the board,
His knights around his knee,
Within the palace of his sires,
Hard by the roaring sea.

Then up he rose, that toper old,
A long last breath he drew,
And down the cup he loved so well
Into the ocean threw.

He saw it flash, then settle down,
Far down into the sea,
And as he gazed his eyes grew dim,
Nor e'er again drank he. THEODORE MARTIN.

HERN CASTLE.

I.
HERN CASTLE stands by its own broad lands,
West to the inland and east to the sea ;
The stoutest kite in his questing flight
Will flag ere he crosses the fee.

II.
And the Baroness Lascelles hath gold and vassals,
And winters and springs forty-four ;
Her daughter Grace is the pride of her race,
A waxen cheek,—and no more.



III.
Sir Hugh de Braye hath a palfrey grey ;
And each morn you may see him wait ;
To the weary page it seems an age,
As he yawns at the castle gate.

IV.
But which of the twain Sir Hugh would gain,
With his equal smile and his equal bow ;
That widow and maid, of each other afraid,
Would give the whole world to know !

V.
The bower-maid Alioe, who hands the chalice
Of Gascon wine to Sir Hugh the Knight,
I guess could tell, an she listed well,
Which way his choice would light.

VI.
For every day, ere he rides away,
There's a whisper'd word for her private ear,
And a touch to her lip,—lost her memory slip,—
When there's none of the vassals near.

VII.

Some compliment to the mother sent,—

Some courtly phrase to the daughter borne;
 "No more, in faith!" "Save a hint," she saith,
"He may pass to-morrow morn."

VIII.

Ne'er yet his tryst hath Sir Hugo miss'd:

Can the good grey steed have gone false to-day?
 "Ho! Alice the maid! what was it he said
 "When last he rode away?"

IX.

"Ho! Alice the maid! why where hath she stray'd!"
 Not one in the house can tell:
 But across the noon, with an answering tune,
 Comes the clash of a marriage-bell.

X.

And below the keep doth a fair train sweep,
 With a bride and a bridegroom gay;—
 Hern Castle's the pride of the country-side,—
 But neither looks that way.

XI.

The Baroness stands with clenched hands,
 In a wrath that would fain burst free;
 And the pale proud face of the Lady Grace
 Grows pallider yet to see!

XII.

There's a riddle read, and a day-dream fled,
 And a bower-maid's office undone to-day,
 While "To Lady Alice!" they drain the chalice
 In the Hall of Sir Hugh de Braye!

H. L. T.

THE PEIHO, 1859.

THERE comes a wailing on the breeze—
 The wild, sharp death-cry of the slain;
 The hard-wrung groan of mortal pain
 Floats homeward o'er the eastern seas.

And the last prayer of manly pride
 Rings o'er the tumult of the guns—
 "Oh! call us not unworthy sons;
 We might not conquer, but we died."

Fear not, ye hearts of lion race;
 For you the pitying tear shall be,
 For you the meed of gallantry,
 But not a whisper of disgrace.

The memory of the hero chief
 Twice smitten to the reeking deck,
 Who bore his flag from wreck to wreck,
 Shall mingle proudly with our grief.

And over every fallen son]
 England shall in the after age
 Write on the melancholy page,
 No battle lost, but murder done!

EDMUND BOGER, M.A.



NEPTUNE TURNED GARDENER.

A. W.

MARY.

A BALLAD.

HER form was bent, her steps were small,
 She came up the path alone;
 And sat her down on the churchyard wall,
 With her foot on the stepping-stone.

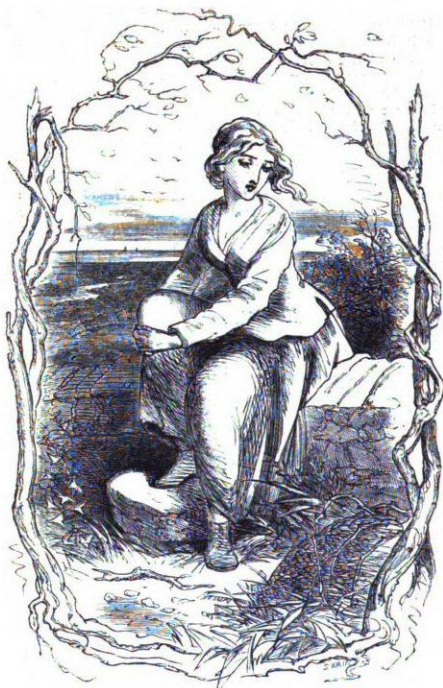
A look she wore of the wasted year,
 Whose beauty and strength were over,
 But her voice was low, as of old, and clear,
 And she sang of her buried lover:

"The year is dying, its leaves are red,
 Its sights and its sounds are dreary;
 The year is dying above the dead,
 And the living are lone and weary.

"Drearly swings the churchyard chime,
 And drearily creaks the yew;
 He died in the goodly summer time:
 May I die in the summer, too!

"He died while the corn was tall and green,
Ere the brood of the lark had flown ;
He died while the blossom was on the bean,
He died while the fields were mown.

"He died while the scent was in yon lime,
And the woodbine that wreathed it blew ;
He died in the goodly summer time :
May I die in the summer, too !



"I kept my last watch over his bed,
'Twas noon, and his hour drew near ;
'I would look on the earth once more,' he said,
'Will you show it me, Mary dear !'

"So I raised him up till he saw the skies,
The fields, and the church, and the river ;
Then I laid him down and closed his eyes,
The eyes that I loved, for ever.

"God grant me to live till the spring be here,
And to look on the young year's bloom ;
'Twere sad to die while the earth is drear,
Amid winter-winds and gloom."

She rose, and under the wall she passed,
To her home in the village lane ;
Through the yew-tree branches hurried the blast,
And the bells brake forth again ;

But there seem'd a tongue in their clanging chime,
And a voice in the creaking yew,
That said, "He died in the summer time,
Thou shalt die in the summer, too."

E. H. PEMBER.

ROUND THE HOP-BIN.

Round the hop-bin six fair maidens,
 Throwing from them sunny glances;
 Knowing not a thought that ladens
 Heart and mind with mournful fancies;
 Laughing at each other's love-whims,
 Calling blushes to warm faces,
 Till the very moist joy swims
 From their eyes in glancing graces.

In the pure breath of the morning,
 'Neath September's glow all golden,
 Luscious fruits old earth adorning,
 Autumn's own rich flowers unfolden;
 Round the hop-bin six young maidens,
 Throwing from them sunny glances,
 Knowing not a thought that ladens
 Heart and mind with mournful fancies.

From the bright bind fairy fingers
 Pluck the hop-flowers rich in honey;
 Now and then a white hand lingers,
 While a thought beams out all sunny;
 While a flute-voice tells a story,—
 Story of young Love's first suing;
 While the day in golden glory
 Glows around them, beauty wooing.

Look at Lucy, how she blushes,
 Fairer than a rose of summer;
 While the gay group's laughter hushes
 As all turn to greet the comer.
 Happy fellow! Maida's brother,
 Come, he says, to claim his sister;
 Yet his eyes were on another,
 While with careless lip he kist her.



In a moment they surround him:
 Twelve small hands uplift their whiteness;
 In a moment they have bound him
 In their arms of snowy brightness.
 Now they lift him, luckless fellow!
 In the full bin next they slide him,
 While 'midst laughter, rich and mellow,
 Deeply 'neath the hops they hide him.

There he rests, the gay and handsome,
 There like smothered chrysalis,
 Till he offers for his ransom
 Gloves for all, and one a kiss!
 Whose the kiss? ah, blushing Lucy!
 There behind the autumn roses,
 Where the grapes hang lush and juicy,
 Takes the ransom he proposes.

There her saucy friends, like graces,
 Through the green shrubs lightly stealing,
 Peep out their bewitching faces,
 Joyous bursts of laughter pealing.
 While the frightened Lucy, blushing,
 Startles closer to her lover,
 Who with feigned anger rushing,
 Drives them from their leafy cover.

Round the hop-bin six young maidens,
 Throwing from them sunny glances,
 Knowing not a thought that ladens
 Heart and mind with mournful fancies.
 May their lot through life be painless,
 One's joy give joy to the others;
 And those maidens, pure and stainless,
 Bloom to comely wives and mothers. E. D. F.

LA FILLE BIEN GARDÉE.

(AN INTERRUPTED LETTER.)

No, Edith, I have got no briefs—I want no briefs at all, I want to know that you're come back, and safe at Shirley Hall;

And till I get a note from you, announcing that return, I've neither head nor heart for Chitty, Sugden, Hayes, or Fearnse.

Your letter speaks about "hard work," and "rising at the bar;"

I read it, Edith, at my window, smoking a cigar;

And I'm to work while you're away!—a likely thing, indeed!

Yes, I'm in one Assizes case,—the one in *Adam Bede*.

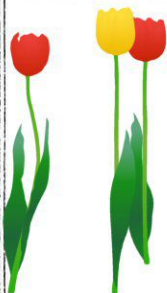
You can believe, or disbelieve me, Edith, as you please, A fellow's work's all booh unless a fellow's mind's at ease;

And studying Cross Remainders Over is no use, I fear, While you're in France, and I'm a cross remainder over here.

Don't, Edith, write about myself, I want to hear of you, And what you're doing day by day, and also how you do;

And whether Mrs. Armington (whom I don't like, and shan't),

Is really acting like a friend, or only like an aunt;



Or if she ever gives you, Edith darling, half a hint (There's nothing that a woman wouldn't do with such a squint)

That I've been fast, and people say, "who really ought to know,"

That at getting briefs and paying bills alone they think I'm slow;

Or talks of our engagement in a way that isn't kind, Makes it, at pic-nics, an excuse for leaving you behind; And draws, that cold old lip of hers maliciously up-curl'd,

"Of course, engaged Miss Ediths do not care about the world."

You'll call me such a worry, Edith, but it is not fun To be stuck in Temple chambers when October has begun;

So pity for a lover who's condemned in town to stay,

When She—and everybody else—are off and far away.

And takes you, Edith, everywhere, and shows you what's to see,

And in society performs what's due to you—and me; Nor, while her own long girls are push'd wherever she can get,

Permits you to be talk'd to by the billiard-playing set.

And, Edith, as she's full of spite (she is, from wig to toes, And hates me for that harmless sketch that show'd her Roman nose);

Inform me if those vicious innuendos she contrives, And talks at briefless barristers, and pities poor men's wives.



Or if she ever gives you, Edith darling, half a hint (There's nothing that a woman wouldn't do with such a squint)

Or talks of our engagement in a way that isn't kind, Makes it, at pic-nics, an excuse for leaving you behind; And draws, that cold old lip of hers maliciously up-curl'd,

You'll call me such a worry, Edith, but it is not fun To be stuck in Temple chambers when October has begun;

I wander in our Gardens when the dusk makes all things dim, The gardener tells me not to smoke, but much I care for him; And Paper Buildings, Edith, in a sketch by fancy drawn, Grows an old baronial mansion, with the grassplat for its lawn:

The Thames, its lake; myself, its Lord (his income, lucky chance, Exactly fifty thousand pounds paid yearly in advance); Then at the eastern turret a sweet form is conjur'd up, And Edith waves a kerchief white, and calls me in—to sup.

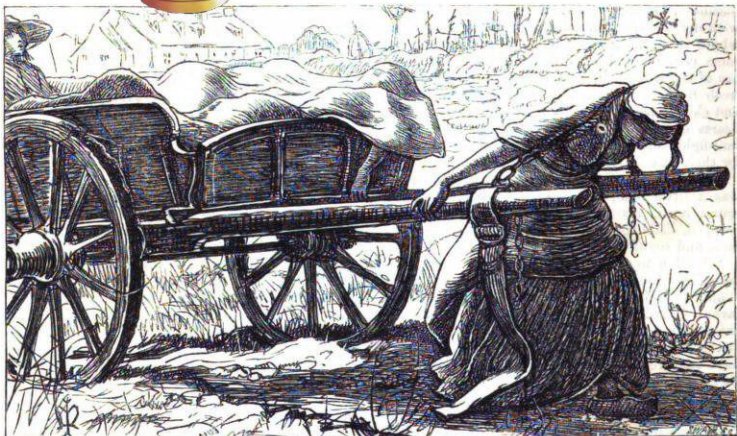
Well, bless you, Edith. When you sail'd, I put aboard your ship

Vanity Fair, by Thackeray, and my dear old Hound, by Grip;

And to no girl her destiny more sure protection sends, Than such a dog to bite her foes, such book to bite her friends.

S. B.

Queen's Bar Ride, Temple.



"TWIXT Faoliet and Llangolan
There lives a bard, a holy man—
His name is Father Rasian.
On Faoliet his heest he laid :
" Let every month a mass be said,
And bells be rung, and prayers be read."

In Elliant the plague is o'er,
But not till it had raged full sore :
It slew seven thousand and five score.

Death unto Elliant hath gone down,
No living soul is in the town—
No living soul but two alone.

A crone of sixty years is one,
The other is her only son.

" The Plague," quoth she, " is on our door-sill ;
'Twill enter if it be God's will ;
But till it enter bide we still."

Through Elliant's streets who wills to go,
Everywhere will find grass to mow—
Everywhere, save in two wheel-ruts bare,
Where the wheels of the dead-cart went to fare.
His heart were flint that had not wept,
Through Elliant's grass-grown streets who stept,

To see eighteen carts, each with its load—
Eighteen at the graveyard, eighteen on the road.

Nine children of one house there were
Whom one dead-cart to the grave did bear :
Their mother 'twixt the shafts did fare.

The father, whistling, walk'd behind,
With a careless step and a mazy mind.

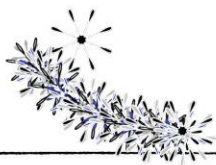
The mother shriek'd and call'd on God,
Crush'd, soul and body, beneath her load.

" God, help me bury my children nine,
And I vow thee a cord of the wax so fine :

A cord of the wax so long and fine, [shrine.
To go thrice round the church and thrice round the
Nine sons I had ; I bare them all ;
Now Death has ta'en them, great and small.
Hath ta'en them all from my own door-stone :
None left, e'en to give me to drink—not one !"

The churchyard to the walls brims o'er,
The church is full to the steps of the door :
They must bless fields, if they'd bury more.

There grows an oak by the churchyard wall,
From the top-bough hangs a white grave pall—
The Plague hath taken one and all ! TOM TAYLOR.



SHOREWARD.

Oh, my spirit is on the wing,
 Skimming o'er
 These breakers hoar ;
 Bright the flashing spray-drops spring ;
 Hoarse the plunging waves along our keelson roar.

Friendly storm-fiend, whistle loud !
 Shril and sharp
 Eolian harp ;
 Straining sheet and twanging shroud,
 At your stormy music let the craven carp !



For mine eyes behold the shore
 Where she dwells
 That far excels
 All rich ocean's pearly store,
 Casketed in ocean's countless pearly shells.

Ho ! I see it ! Hail—all hail !
 O'er the foam
 My loved one's home.
 Darling, dost thou watch my sail ?
 Doth no quick-fluttering pulse declare to thee—I come !
 G. J. CAYLEY.

BRADMERE POOL.



ould you see the summer dawn in
all its soft and magic beauty,
With a crystal sky above you, and
the red sun flashing low ;
Where the wych-elm flings her tresses

loose to lave them in the waters,
And the trunks of mighty beeches stand like
pillars all a-glow ?

Would you see the summer noon in all its glory and
its splendour,



With a golden sun above you, and another far below ;
Where cloudlets float like lilies on the lake's unbroken
surface,
And the boughs are harps for breezes, softly singing as
they go ?

Would you see the summer even gather round her in
departing
Her embroidered robe of purple, fringed with crimson
and with gold ;

While through columned woodland palace reigns a dusk
of silent sadness,
And the low winds chase the tear-drops from the
hazel's misty fold !

Or if the witching night may weave, of moonlight and
of shadow,
Spells to bind you where the fairies trace their
circlets green and cool ;

Though the dawn and noon and evening there are clad
in matchless beauty,
Choose the night to hear a legend on the brink of
Bradmere Pool.

By the rushing flood of Teign, amidst the Druid oaks
of Gidleigh,

Once a maiden and her lover wander'd sadly side by
side ;
And though he came of gentle blood, he sought a
peasant's daughter,
With the truth of noble natures, for his loved and
honour'd bride.

"It may not be, beloved !"—and her fair cheek glow'd
with blushes—

"For I would not so disgrace you and your lineage
pure and high :

How should I, a peasant maiden, bear the mighty name
of Cary,
Or with shy and rustic manners meet your lady-
mother's eye !"

"'Tis the dear and noble heart that clothes the out-
ward state with honour,"

Frankly spoke the earnest suitor, all unknowing
what he said :

"As the moon invests with beauty every cloud that
hangs around her,
So the soul bestows its radiance on what else were
cold and dead."

Grieving sorely thus to pain him, yet unbroken in her
firmness,

Grieving sorely thus to lose him, yet she would not
do him wrong,—

Would not shame him with his kinsmen, or embroil
him with his mother :

So, with slow sad steps, she parted, and with weep-
ing low and long.

But he, kneeling down before her, with his eyes up-
raised to Heaven

(And the river hush'd its murmur with the breezes
and the bough) :

"If you will not be a lady, Amy, I will be a peasant,
And the God who made you great I call to witness to
my vow.

"What ! shall social fictions part us ? We have souls
form'd for each other !

I will doff my courtly garments, I will labour in the
mine ;

Lands and lordships, name and honours, I will yield
them to my brother,

And the wages of my labour, noble woman, shall be
thine."

Even now but half-assenting : time might change him :
could she trust him ?

Would not thoughts too oft regretful turn to Stantor's
hall of pride !

Yet she vow'd that if his love lived till the Tors
bloom'd rich in purple,

To the next year's golden harvest, she would be the
miner's bride.

II.

'Twas a glorious morn of summer, and the miner's
wife rose early,

And prepared her husband's meal, and took her baby
on her breast ;

And a little bright-hair'd boy was bounding lightly on
before her,

As she walk'd to cheer her William in his morning
hour of rest.

All the dewy flowers were opening, and the air was
fill'd with music,

And a joy lay on the landscape such as brighter noon
denies ;

Very glorious shone the morning on the Tors all golden-
crested,

Rising grandly from earth's shadows to be crown'd
amidst the skies.

They are threading greenest alleys, they have pass'd
the marshy hollow,

Bright with crimson tufts of sunden and Saint John's
worts' ruddy gold ;

Pass'd the mighty Druid cromlech that the three grey
British Sisters

Raised by hellish arts of sorcery in the mythic days
of old.

The green elms gently waving, and the oaks of brighter
foliage,

And the willows and the beeches and the poplar's
silver shine :

The miner's wife, fair Amy, saw them bending towards
the valley

Where her true and loving husband wrought all
night within the mine.

Then the bright-hair'd boy bounds forward in the green
and shady alley,

And the wife's heart bounds before him as he shouts
his father's name :

Why so wan and wild, yet tearless, speeds the little
child returning,

While a strange pale light is gleaming through the
archway whence he came !

Amy pauses not to question, but she threads the ven-
dant archway.

Does the Art accur'd linger in the flowery vale of
Teign !

Or have pixies borne her sleeping to their realms of
magic beauty,

Far beyond the bowers of dreamland, to behold that
wondrous scene !

For the green elms scarcely waving, and the oaks of
brighter foliage,

And the willows and the beeches and the poplar's
silver shine,—

They are bending o'er a bright lake, and its pure
translucent waters

Fill the forest-girdled valley that contain'd the
ancient mine.

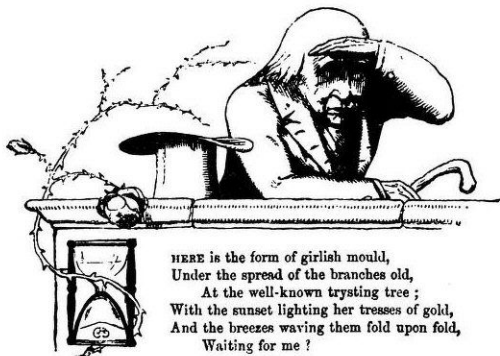
From the deep mine's deepest caverns, like a gleaming
serpent rising,

Wound the icy spring through corridor and chamber
far below,

Victor ever in the darkness o'er the life that throbb'd
within them,

Till it spread its lucent mirror to the morning's
purple glow.

O the voice of lamentation ! how it wrestled with the
music

 THE SONG OF THE SURVIVOR.


HERE is the form of girlish mould,
Under the spread of the branches old,
At the well-known trysting tree ;
With the sunset lighting her tresses of gold,
And the breezes waving them fold upon fold,
Waiting for me ?

Where is the sweet voice with cadence deep
Of one that singeth our babe to sleep,
And often turns to see
How the stars through the lattice begin to peep,
And watches the lazy dial creep,
Waiting for me ?

Long since those locks are laid i' the clay,
Long since that voice hath past away,
On earth no more to be ;
But still in the spirit-world afar
She is the dearest of those that are
Waiting for me.

C.



BLACK MONDAY.



I.

Tempus fugit, alas ! Our best pleasures are blended
With sorrow that pierces the heart like a stab :
Black Monday has come, my vacation is ended,
I've paid my hotel-bill and sent for a cab.

II.

It seems but a week, but 'tis three, I remember,
Since first I arrived at this gem of the sea.
O, Cras animarum ! Town fogs of November !
O, first day of Term !—must I leave it for thee !

III.

A stranger I came with my hard-reading cousin,
And own that I found it remarkably slow.
But now, when I know pleasant folks by the dozen,
Who like me, and seek me—why, off I must go.

IV.

O, drive me not down by the beach, gentle cabby,
Lest, coming from bathing, I see Laura Marx,
And think of the pic-nic we had near the abbey,—
Our silent return 'neath the light of the stars.

V.

Avoid Prospect Terrace, you stupid old gander
(I was free to drop in there each ev'ning to tea),
For one of the Drew girls sits in the verandah,—
The one I hoped some day would breakfast with me.

VI.

Must we pass by the Band ? Hark ! what melody
flowing !
O, brute, what no blind to shut out from my gaze
Those false eyes of Clara ! She *knew* I was going,
And still she can smile there with Moon of the
Greys.

VII.

Goodbye, Jack and Charley, and all of your party,
You've plenty of coin, and no clients to mind ;
Gay fellows too, all of you, honest and hearty,
But, almost, I hate you for staying behind.

VIII.

Ah, Ellen, thou swiftest in light gallopade,
You've plenty of partners, I know, at command,
And so need not strike my name out of your card
The moment you see me thus quitting the strand.

IX.

The Station at last. Ha ! No time for reflection.
Now, porter—this luggage. See, cabby, your fare.
First-class, please, to London. Sir, any objection
To smoking ? No ! Care, then, I'll blow into air !
A. F.



MAUDE CLARE.

The fields were white with lily-buds,
White gleamed the lilled beck ;
Each mated pigeon plumed the pomp
Of his metallic neck.

She follow'd his bride into the church,
With a lofty step and mien :
His bride was like a village maid,
Maude Clare was like a queen.

The minstrels made loud marriage din ;
Each guest sat in his place,
To eat and drink, and wish good luck,
To do the wedding grace ;

To eat and drink, and wish good luck,
To sing, and laugh, and jest :
One only neither ate nor drank,
Nor clapp'd her hands, nor bless'd.

"Son Thomas," his lady mother said,
With smiles, almost with tears,
"May Nell and you but live as true
As we have done for years ;

"Your father, thirty years ago,
Had just your tale to tell ;
But he was not so pale as you,
Nor I so pale as Nell."



My lord was pale with inward strife,
And Nell was pale with pride ;
My lord gazed long on pale Maude Clare
Or ever he kiss'd the bride.

No eyes were fix'd upon the bride,
Or on the bridegroom more,
All eyes were fix'd on grand Maude Clare,
While she look'd straight before.

"Lo, I have brought my gift, my lord,
Have brought my gift," she said—
To bless the hearth, to bless the board,
To bless the marriage-bed.

"Here's my half of the golden chain
You wore about your neck,
That day we waded ankle-deep
For lilies in the beck :

"Here's my half of the faded leaves
We pluck'd from budding bough,
With feet amongst the lily-leaves,—
The lilies are budding now."

He strove to match her scorn with scorn,
He falter'd in his place :
"Lady," he said,— "Maude Clare," he said,
"Maude Clare,"—and hid his face.

She turn'd to Nell : "My Lady Nell,
I have a gift for you,
Tho' were it fruit, the bloom were gone,
Or, were it flowers, the dew.

"Take my share of a fickle heart,
Mine of a paltry love :
Take it, or leave it, as you will,
I wash my hands thereof."

"And what you leave," said Nell, "I'll take,
And what you spurn I'll wear,
For he's my lord for better and worse,
And him I love, Maude Clare.

"Yea, though you're taller by the head,
More wise, and much more fair ;
I'll love him till he loves me best—
Me best of all, Maude Clare !"

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



"SIX OF THE ONE, AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER."



"Now, dearest Fred," she softly said,
 "You must abandon smoking;
 It spoils your looks—and then your breath,—
 Indeed it's most provoking.
 Did God decree that man should be
 A chimney flue regarded?
 Then, darling Fred, let it be said,
 Tobacco you've discarded."

"Haw, well, my dear," said Fred, "I fear
 That will not be so easy;

But, like a man, I'll try a plan,
 And do the best to please ye.
 Did God intend that woman's mind
 Such wond'rous things should brew, love,
 As Bustles, Bloomers, Crinolines,
 Or Hoops-de-dooden-do, love?

"But really, if"—whif, whif, whif, whif,—
 "And mind you, I'm not joking,—
 If you abandon Crinoline,
 By Jove! I—I'll give up smoking." J. ROY.



FAIRY MAY.

I.

COME hither, little Fairy May,
My bride if you will be,
I'll give you silks and satins bright
Most beautiful to see ;
I'll bring you to my castle hall,
'Mid lords and ladies gay : "
" No thank you, sir, I'd rather not,"
Quoth little Fairy May !

II.

Says mother, " He's a proper youth ;
Say yes, girl, there's a dearie : "
" Say no, Miss Pride ! " her father cried,
" I'd only like to hear ye ! "
But still, for all that they could do,
And all that they could say,
" No thank you, sir ; I'd rather not,"
Quoth little Fairy May !

III.

" Come Fairy May, your words unsay,
You silly little gooseie !
You know within your heart of hearts,
You wouldn't like to lose me :
You'll never see me here again,
If once I go away : "
" Well, sir ! and much I care for that ! "
Quoth little Fairy May.

IV.

" Lose such a prize ! " her father cries,
" Say yes—or else I'll make ye ! "
Her mother scolds— " A wilful chit !
I've half a mind to shake ye ! "
But still for all that they could do,
And all that they could say,
" No thank you, sir, I'd rather not,"
Quoth little Fairy May. C. W. GOODHART.





THE SPRIG OF LAVENDER.



I.

Is a faded sprig of Lavender, in nowise worth the keeping,
Yet I prize it above other things, though valueless it be;
For she's far off that gave it me, where clouds are calmly sleeping
All summer through, above the hills so very dear to me.

II.

The little hand that gave it, with the tiny fairy fingers,
With touches imperceptible has stolen all my heart;
Oh! frankly does she offer it, and oftentimes it lingers
Right lovingly within my own, where'er we meet or part.

III.

Yes, she is fair and gentle, and her voice is low and tender
As the whisper of a summer wind, or distant streams at play;
And may good angels guard her well, and sunniest moments send her,
Will ever be my prayer for her, when I am far away.

IV.

And thoughts of her bring thoughts of home, and all I've left behind me;
And then my thoughts go wandering in the mansions of the Past,
And little is the Lavender then needed to remind me
How happy hours, like summer flowers, must fade and perish fast.

V.

And yet I keep the Lavender, and when again I meet her,
I'll show her how I've kept it, and she'll turn away her head;
And blushing, say I'm foolish; but can anything be sweeter
Than to see the blushes rising o'er her cheek so rosy-red?
MEMOR.

FOOTSTEPS OF DAY.



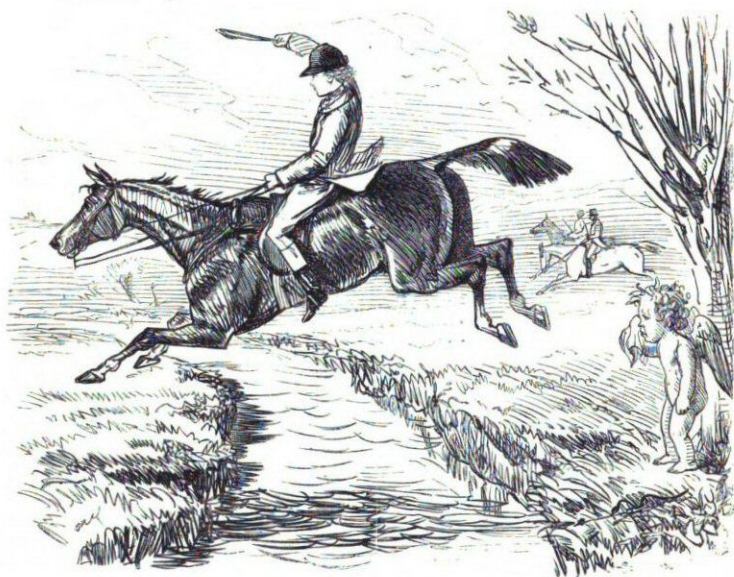
I.
I saw the maiden morn go forth, and her
steps were soft and still,
To load her golden pitcher at the sun-fount
on the hill;
And as she bow'd her meekly down, the
bridegroom of the day
Stole by, and with his fiery breath kiss'd
Night's dew-tears away.

II.
I saw the maiden yet again, but her looks
were proud and high,
And scarce earth's bossy shield could bear
the fire-darts of the sky;
And the bridegroom lay beside her, his
giant limbs outspread,
Far in their noontide slumber, on his
azure-banner'd bed.

III.
I saw the maiden yet again, but her feet
were hurrying on,
As 'twere some hooded pilgrim, ere yet his
journey's done;
Quench'd was the sunlight of her eye, and
the dews hung on her breast,
While evening flung her purple scarf
athwart the shadow'd west.

IV.
I saw the maiden once again, and as she
pass'd in flight,
The moon with many a sister star came
dancing into sight;
And sadly soft on spirit wings, as the
vision roll'd away,
Fell down the night's dark curtain on the
chambers of the day!

ALSAOOR HAY HILL.



YOUNG NIMROD'S FIRST LOVE.

JULY.

A SUMMER noon is brightening
 Upon a joyous scene
 Of Beauty mid the chestnut glades,
 And youth upon the green.

One mingles with the festive throng
 Of girlhood bright and free,
 And scarce may tell who bears the bell
 Of that sweet coterie.

But when the light-wing'd hours have fled,
 The happy fêtes are done,
 Of forms that seem'd resistless then,
 His memories seek but one.

One of them all most loveable,
 One of them all most fair,
 With the blue of heaven in her eye,
 Its sunshine in her hair.

He battles with the dream of her,
 He fears to dream too much :
 But a soft hand-pressure comes again
 And thrills him at the touch ;

Till in his wild ideal
 A cottage home is seen
 (He the proud monarch of the spot,
 And she its graceful queen) :

A paradise where roses climb
With music in their leaves ;
A bower of bliss, all clematis,
With swallow-haunted eaves :

Till all the ties, that held so fast
The celibate erstwhiles,
Are broken by the witchery
Of unforgotten smiles.

NOVEMBER.

Perish the wild ideal !
Perish soft thoughts like these !
Let squirrel's stalwart spirit
Scorn lover's Capuan ease !

November's skies are clouded dun,
November's dead leaves fall ;
The hound is chafing on the lawn,
The hunter in the stall.

The lovesick youth is splendid in
A coat of spotless pink ;
The lovesick youth has ceased to dream,
And just begun to think.

And duties, that before were dim,
Assert themselves right clear :
" Shall rivals win the pride of place
While I am mooning here ?

" The scent will linger on the turf,
The streaming pack's full cry
Will make the laggart's pulse leap flame,
The coward's heart beat high.

No after-breakfast stables—
No weed at evening hours—
But tender nuptial tête-à-têtes,
And walks among the flowers.

Oh ! Love, young, wayward, wilful Love,
So blindly busy there,
What wonder manhood waxes weak
With maidenhood so fair ?

" Stout foxes of the hillsides,
And did I dare to place
In contrast with my love for you
That pretty baby-face ?

" And dared I rank a maiden's heart
Your noble chace above ?
And barter you for dalliant dreams
And thoughts of cottage-love ?

" Married—and lost—and done for—
And stranger hands to guide
Old Brownlock thro' the bullfinch,
Young Gaylad o'er the tide :—

" Away ! the first wide brook may wash
The madness from my brain ;
The first fence tear the fetter loose,
And leave me free again.

" Thus, thus I vault upon my steed,
Thus, thus I break the spell :
My love, I fill my flask to thee ;
My beautiful, farewell !"

RALPH A. BENSON.



THE LORD OF NANN AND THE FAIRY.

(FROM THE BRETON.)

[The "Korrigan" of Breton superstition is found both in Scotland and in Ireland. "Korr" means dwarf, and "gan" or "guen" is interpreted by M. de Villemarque "genius" or "spirit." The "Korrigan" is nearly identical with the "elf" of Scandinavian mythology, and Danish ballads may be found in which the "elf" plays exactly the same part to a belated hunter as the Korrigan to the Lord of Nann in the following ballad. As in other cases, I have been careful to follow the metre and divisions into stanzas of the original. The latter is important, as the triplet always indicates considerable antiquity in Cambrian and Armorican rhymed compositions. The old Celtic bardism especially affected "triads," or division into threes.]

THE Lord of Nann and his fair bride,
Were young when wedlock's knot was tied—
Were young when death did them divide.

But yesterday that lady fair
Two babes as white as snow did bear;
A man-child and a girl they were.

"Now, say what is thy heart's desire,
For making me a man-child's sire?
'Tis thine, whate'er thou may'st require.—

"What food see'st thee lists to take,
Meat of the woodcock from the lake,
Meat of the wild deer from the brake."

"Oh, the meat of the deer is dainty food!
To eat thereof would do me good,
But I grudge to send thee to the wood."

The Lord of Nann, when this he heard,
Hath gripp'd his oak spear with never a word;
His bonny black horse he hath leap'd upon,
And forth to the greenwood he hath gone.

By the skirts of the wood as he did go,
He was 'ware of a hind as white as snow;

Oh, fast she ran, and fast he rode,
That the earth it shook where his horse-hoofs trode.

Oh, fast he rode, and fast she ran,
That the sweat to drop from his brow began—

That the sweat on his horse's flanks stood white;
So he rode and rode till the fall o' the night.

When he came to a stream that fed a lawn,
Hard by the grot of a Corrigan.

The grass grew thick by the streamlet's brink,
And he lighted down off his horse to drink.

The Corrigan sat by the fountain fair,
A combing her long and yellow hair.

A combing her hair with a comb of gold,
(Not poor, I trow, are those maidens cold).

"Now who's the bold wight that dares come here
To trouble my fairy fountain clear?

"Either thou straight shalt wed with me,
Or pine for four long years and three;
Or dead in three days' space shalt be."

"I will not wed with thee, I ween,
For wedded man a year I've been;

"Nor yet for seven years will I pine,
Nor die in three days for spell of thine;

"For spell of thine I will not die,
But when it pleaseth God on high.

"But here, and now, I'd leave my life,
Ere take a Corrigan to wife."

"Oh mother, mother ! for love of me,
Now make my bed, and speedily,
For I am sick as a man may be.

"Oh, never the tale to my ladye tell ;
Three days and ye'll hear my passing-bell ;
The Corrigan hath cast her spell."

Three days they pass'd, three days were sped,
To her mother-in-law the ladye said :

"Now tell me, madam, now tell me, pray,
Wherefore the death-bells toll to-day !

"Why chaunt the priests in the street below,
All clad in their vestments white as snow ?"

"A strange poor man, who harbour'd here,
He died last night, my daughter dear."

"But tell me, madam, my lord, your son—
My husband—whither is he gone ?"



"But to the town, my child, he's gone ;
And at your side he'll be back anon."

"What gown for my churching wer't best to wear,—
My gown of grain, or of watchet fair ?"

"The fashion of late, my child, hath grown,
That women for churching black should don."

As through the churchyard porch she stept,
She saw the grave where her husband slept.

"Who of our blood is lately dead,
That our ground is new raked and spread ?"

"The truth I may no more forbear,
My son—your own poor lord—lies there !"

She threw herself on her knees amain,
And from her knees ne'er rose again.

That night they laid her, dead and cold,
Beside her lord, beneath the mould ;
When, lo !—a marvel to behold !—

Next morn from the grave two oak-trees fair,
Shot lusty boughs high up in air ;

And in their boughs—oh, wondrous sight !—
Two happy doves, all snowy white—

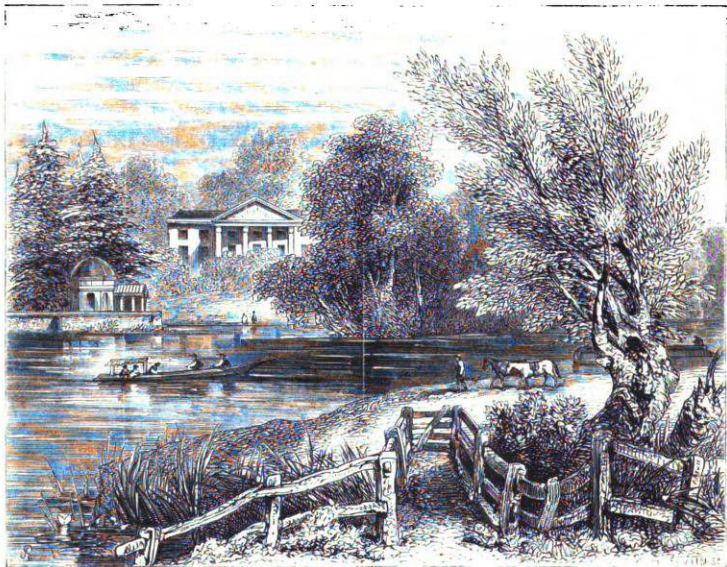
That sang, as ever the morn did rise,
And then flew up—into the skies !

TOM TAYLOR.

VI.

High up on Danesfield's guarded post
Great Alfred turn'd the heathen host ;—
Below, the vaults of Hurley sent

A tyrant into banishment ;
And still more sacred was the deed
Done on the isle by Runnymede,
On Tamise ripe.

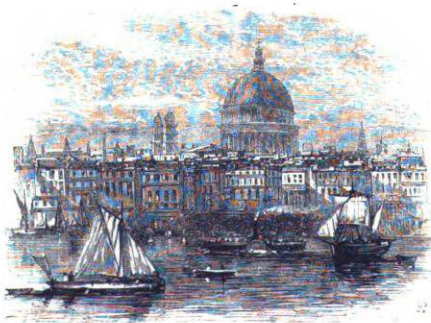


VII.

And down, where commerce stains the tide,
Lies London in her dusky pride,
Deep in dim wreaths of smoke infur'd,
The wonder of the modern world :
How much to love within the walls
That lie beneath the shade of "Paul's,"
By Tamise ripe !

VIII.

And if, which God in Heaven forbend,
On us an alien foe descend,
The ancient stream has many a son
To fight and win as Alfred won ;
High deeds shall illustrate the shore,
And freedom shall be saved once more
On Tamise ripe. CHOLMELEY A. LEIGH.



THE MISTLETOE BOUGH; OR, THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE.

WITH "sweets for the sweet" is the Christmas tree laden,
With mottoes and trinkets for youth and for maiden :
Oh, how bright are the smiles of those ladies so fair,
As they gather the fruits that are clustering there.
The fir and the laurels their branches entwined,
The glistening leaves of the green holly shine,
Its numberless berries, so brilliantly red,
Are seen all around us, while, high over head,
The delicate mistletoe trembles !—but now
Its spell is forgotten !—The mistletoe bough
No longer can call the quick flush to the face,
Its province no more is the "dangerous place."
Yet where is the change? Its green leaves are as bright,
Its form is as graceful, its berries as white,
As when held so sacred, in temples of old,
By our Druid forefathers, as I have been told ;
Or witness'd the timid or boisterous kiss
Once claim'd for its sake at such seasons as this.
I have heard that young ladies are oftener now
Kiss'd *under the rose* than the mistletoe bough :
For the kiss is more sweet given under its shade ;
More earnest and true are the vows that are made
By the rose-tree so sweet that in fancy grows,
And 'tis fair summer weather still under that rose :
These mystical roses throughout all the year
Their delicate buds and sweet blossoms uprear,
With a lovelier tint and more exquisite hue
Than yet ever in field or in garden grew :
And I'm told that young ladies would rather be now
Kiss'd *under the rose* than the mistletoe bough.

M. E.



THE PALIMPSEST.

LOVE turn'd quite studious, grave, one day,
And left his play.
He folded close each azure wing,
And ceased to sing :
Casting from groves reverted looks,
Took to his books.
He chose a volume from his store,
And 'gan to pore
Upon a thickly-cover'd page,
Which youth or age
Had writ, and cross'd and so recross'd,
Meaning seem'd lost.
Yet Love still gazed, all open-eyed,
And almost s'g'h'd.
But tenderness was soon beguiled,
And so he smiled,
As vagrant Memory, hovering near,
Whisper'd his ear.
"This manuscript," cried Love at last,
"Contains my past :
The tale of passion's following waves,
Which found their graves,
Leaving a wrinkle on the shore,
And nothing more.
"First on the roll Ag's's name,—
My virgin flame !
O, how I loved thee ! Offering flowers
At matin hours,
When birds fill'd all the sky with mirth,
And joy the earth ;
"And should have loved for aye, I ween,
Had it not been
That Dora's eyes, so nun-like, sweet,
My glance d'd meet,
And drew me, at each vesper bell,
To her green cell.
"I could have knelt for ever there,
But Sibyl fair
Rose, like a conquering star, and then
(We are but men)
Led me beside her chariot wheel—
(Dear ! what we feel !)
"Over her name I just can trace
Thine, sweetest Grace.
Thine was the advent of the day :
The rest were play.
Ah, why should passion's perfect noon
Sink all so soon !
"Next there comes Zoë ; then Lucrece
(I had no peace !)
And here's a name I can't make out,—
Much loved, no doubt ;
And here's one I have clean forgot,
Or, 'tis a blot.
"Then Clarice, large-eyed like a fawn"
(Love 'gan to yawn),
"And thy full charms, dear Amoret,
I ne'er forget ;
Nor Lettice, frank and debonnaire,
I do declare."

Love kept deciphering his past
Till sleep at last
Drownd him, but show'd him in his dreams

Beauties in streams,
Whose lips still held the kiss he gave
When he was slave ;



And ears that thrill'd to whisper'd praise ;
And cheeks his gaze
Had tinged so ruddy ; all slid on,
And quick were gone,
As snowflakes that the spring earth pelt
Gleam bright and melt.

Murmur'd the lips of that quaint boy,—
"I scatter joy.
I'm not inconstant, save in name ;
My sacred flame
Burns ever. Circumstance doth move—
Deathless is Love !

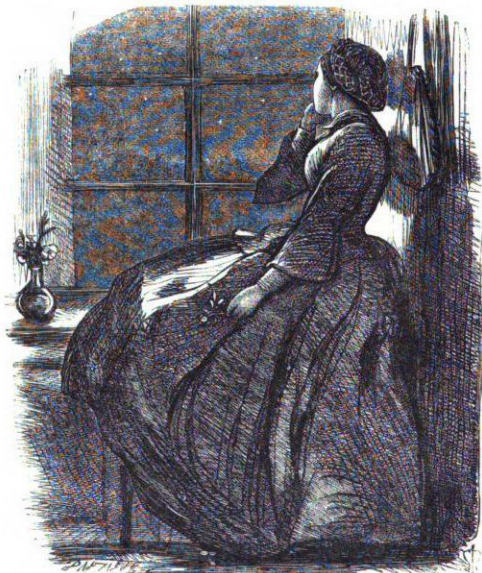
BERN.



A LOST LOVE.

So fair, and yet so desolate ;
 So wan, and yet so young ;
 Oh, there is grief too deep for tears,
 Too seal'd for tell-tale tongue !
 With a faded floweret in her hand,
 Poor little hand, so white !
 And dim blue eye, from her casement high
 She looks upon the night.

Only a little rosebud —
 Only a simple flower—
 But it blooms no more as it seem'd to bloom
 Through many a lone lone hour.
 As they float from her fever'd touch away,
 The petals wither'd and brown,
 All the hopes she deem'd too bright to be dream'd
 Sink trembling and fluttering down.



It needs no hush of the Present
 To call back the sweet calm Past ;
 The lightest summer murmuring
 May be heard through the wintry blast ;
 And the wind is rough with sob and with sigh
 To-night upon gable and tree,
 Till the bare elms wail like spectres pale,
 And the pines like a passionate sea.

But she thinks of a dreamy twilight:
 On the garden walk below,
 Of the laurels whispering in their sleep,
 And the white rose in full blow.
 The early moon had sunk away
 Like some pale queen, to die
 In the costly shroud of an opal cloud
 To the June air's tremulous sigh.

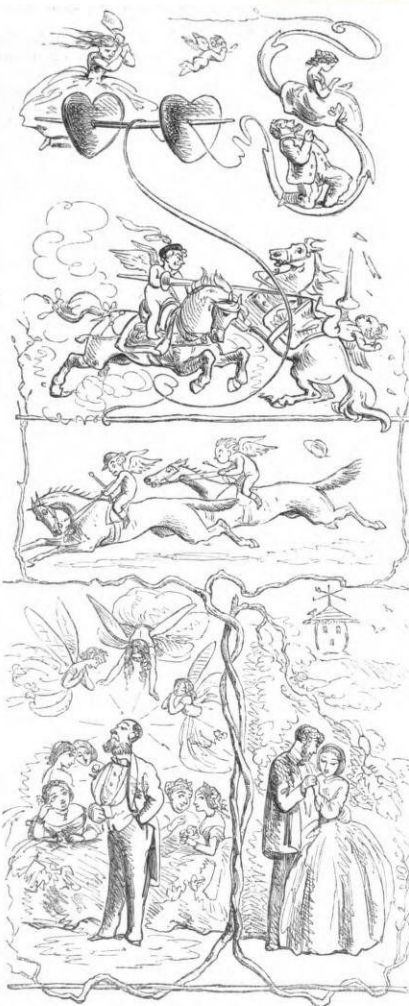
All, all too freshly real ;
 The soft subdued eclipse,
 Hand in hand, and heart in heart
 And the thrill of the wedded lips ;

Those tender memories, how they flush
 Pale cheek and brow again,
 Though heart be changed, and lip estranged,
 That swore such loving then !

'Tis but the old, old story
 Sung so often in vain ;
 For man all the freedom of passion,
 For woman the calm and the pain.
 Tell it the soul whose grief is read
 In the poor, pale suffering face,
 It will still cling on to a love that is gone
 With the warmth of its first embrace.

Oh, 'tis well for the careless spirit
 To weave the web of rhyme,
 And prison the idle memories
 That float on the breath of time ;
 But better for many an aching heart,
 If ever it might be so,
 To forget, to forget the light that has set,
 And the dreams of long ago. R. A. B.

BOUGHT AND SOLD.



IMPLE souls, who've implicitly ever believed
In man the deceiver and maid the deceived ;
That, if hearts once united again become two,
The broadcloth was false and the muslin was true;
Be known to the heroes that breathe in my lay,
Harry Leslie, Esquire, and Sir Vivian de Grey.

I'll tell you the story as told me in town
Of this tourney in love where the best knight
went down,

This race where the distanced competitor won,
And the first past the post was remorselessly
done ;

This main where a bride was the stake of the
play, [Grey,
And the players young Leslie and Vivian de

Sir Vivian de Grey was a county M.P.,
Plain, awkward and cold, but a faultless *parti*,
And like bees to the bloom soft ambitions will
throng [long ;

Where acres are broad and where rent-rolls are
So the pets of the season were vying, they say,
To affect the affections of Vivian de Grey.

Only one of the fairest seem'd loth to be sold
For the Member's position, the Baronet's gold ;
Only one little Phyllis seem'd firm to decline
To kneel with the rest at that Corydon's shrine ;
For the thing called a heart she had given away,
Or promised—but not to Sir Vivian de Grey.

If I could I would tell by what spells and what
art

Young Leslie had gain'd this debateable heart.
If I could I would guess at the soft whisper'd
words [birds,

That make little souls flutter like poor prison'd
And arm all the feelings in hostile array
E'en to prestiged invaders like Vivian de Grey.

But my tale hurries on to a critical night ;—
In Belgravia was revel, and music, and light ;
There chariot and Hansom, and clarence and
brougham,
Contributed crush to hall, staircase, and room ;
And obsequious linkmen obtruding their ray
Illumed the arrival of Vivian de Grey.

The reporters have scann'd him, he skips up
the stair,

O, death and distraction ! the rival is there :
To his arm the adored one confidingly clings,
And a glance of defiance at Vivian he flings,
As who should insinuate, "Dogs have their day,
But this is not yours, my bold Vivian de Grey !"

Yet forget not, fond swain, that there's many a
slip

'Twixt the rosiest cup and the hairiest lip ;
Presume not on bridal before you are match'd,
And count not your chickens before they are
hatch'd !

If the winner be here, and I thought you could
pay, [Grey,

I'd take very short odds, and name Vivian de

Now in old dreary times of the grave minuet
You might not claim one partner for every set ;
Still less in these charming affectionate days,
When the dances put lovers so much à *leur aise* ;
So the life of your life you must bear as you may
To see clasp'd by the biceps of Vivian de Grey.

See the woo'd and the wooer whirl on face to face,
Till his pectoral powers are tried by the pace.
Now he looks at his boot and he toys with his glove,
Is he weary with dancing or breathless with love !
Ah, those faltering accents, too plainly they say,
"Would you gladden the halls of Sir Vivian de Grey ?"

Yet start not, accepted, whose look ne'er has left

Those eyes of whose light for this value you're bereft ;

Though the long lashes droop, yet the lip may be bold,

And your rival's expression betrays he is sold.

Forc'd, forced is his smile as he leads her away,
And cold is the parting with Vivian de Grey.

Is it over ! Not so. Though the fortress be strong,

And repel the besieger for ever so long,

Still some traitor captain the gates may unbar,

Still the heart of a maid be betrayed by mama.

You have one other card, 'tis a strong one, to play :

Go straight at her mother, Sir Vivian de Grey !

Shortly told is the sequel. A matron all thunder,

At which ignorant stare and initiates wonder,
From the ball-room the light of the festival slips,

And the hearts of admirers are hush'd in eclipse ;

And, as panels of blazonry whisk her away,
They curse thy diplomacy, Vivian de Grey !

Deluded young Leslie ! O, light be thy sleep !
Did'st thou know the night long how the darling will weep,

And the poor little bosom be tortured with sighs,

Not sweet were the slumbers that rest on thine [eyes,
Not light the anathema breathed on the day

That usher'd to being Sir Vivian de Grey.

There's a moral French adage we all recollect,
Which I think might be parodied here with effect.

It ought to be woven in festoons of roses,
"The man may propose, but the mother disposes ;"

And the child that rebels must be school'd to [obey
Like the child that is sold to Sir Vivian de Grey.

Well ! 'tis well that a time comes when broken hearts mend,

And the lover of old becomes simply a friend ;
Then she'll kiss you the tip of her little *mauve* glove,

And forget, my poor Leslie, the young dream of [Love ;
Or turn the dear face from your soft words away,

With the sweetest of smiles, to Sir Vivian de Grey.

Yet bear yourself boldly ; secure in your pride,
Unbraved in the ball-room, unmatch'd in the Ride ;

And when in the future, as seasons roll on,
By some other bright eyes and soft smile you are won,

If hand be surrender'd, forget not to pray
To be surer of heart than Sir Vivian de Grey.

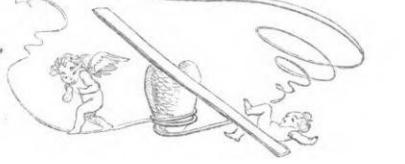
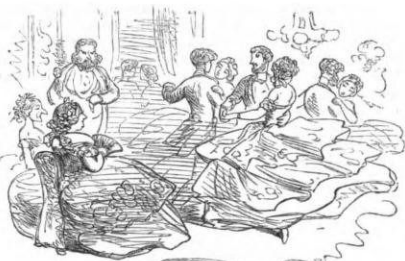
And you who seek hand without heart, gentles all, [must fall.

First bag the old birds, and the young ones
By purse or by title, though coveys be wild,

Secure but the mother, you're safe of the child.
So the legend on you will be not thrown away

That is told of young Leslie and Vivian de Grey.

RALPH A. BENSON.



TAMISE RIFE.

"—A praty town by Tamise rife."

LELAND.

I.

OF "Tamise rife" old Leland tells ;
I read, and many a thought upwells
Of Nature in her gentlest dress,
Of peaceful homes of happiness,
Deep-meadow'd farms, sheep-sprinkled downs,
Fair bridges with their "praty towns,"
By Tamise rife.

II.

Stirr'd by the pulse of many oars
That glide between the summer shores,
I love the waters fresh and clear,
And all the changes of the year,
Down to late autumn's ruddy woods,—
The volume of the winter floods,
By Tamise bright.

III.

The waving tresses of the weeds,
The water's ripple in the reeds,
The plunging "lasher," cold and bright,
Making sweet music to the night,
Old spires, and many a lordly grove ;—
All these there are, and more to love,
On Tamise rife.

IV.

Fair Oxford with her crown of towers,
Fair Eton in her happy bowers,
The "reach" by Henley broadly spread,
High Windsor, with her royal dead,
And Richmond's lawns, and Hampton's glades ;—
What shore has memories and shades
Like Tamise rife ?

V.

Not vine-crown'd Rhine, nor Danube's flood,
Nor sad Ticino, red with blood ;
Not ice-born Rhone, or laughing Seine,
Nor all the golden streams of Spain :—
Far dearer to our English eyes,
And bound with English destinies,
Is Tamise rife.

SAD WORDS.

THE little threads break one by one
That bound my heart to thine ;
Love's, like the silkworm's, web is spun,—
As perilously fine.

It snaps beneath an angry word,
'Neath an unloving look ;
Frowns are more trenchant than the sword,
Or Autumn's reaping-hook.



The maiden in the ceaseless mill
Watching the parting west,
Stands ready to repair the ill
With fingers fast and deft.

But no fourth sister waits beside
Those fatal hands which sever
Life's clue, which like Love's thread untied,
Is join'd again, ah, never !

BERN.



ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

'Tis the dead of the night, and the city
Lies silent and dark as the tomb ;
While the murmuring waters of Seine
Rush on thro' the mist and the gloom.

All is still, not a sound to be heard,
Not a light over head or below ;
The town seems deserted by all
Save the sentries who pace to and fro.

Save that of their long measured tread
No sound do the echoes repeat,
And they grasp their sword-hilts and converse
In the midst of the desolate street.

"Good even, my comrade ! Hast heard
The glorious news that is come ?
Of the feast that our king hath prepared,
Of the dance to the beat of the drum



"To which we are soon to lead forth
The Calvinist daughters of France !
They will not refuse us," he laughed,
As he eyed the sharp point of his lance.

"Sleep, husbands ! sleep on while ye may,
Secure by the side of your wives ;
Such a waking ere long you will see
As but once in a lifetime arrives.

"O mothers of heretic babes !
Go fold them once more in your arms ;
And, lovers, caress while ye may
The beauties that yield you their charms.

"For e'en now," as he spoke, a wild sound
Smote dread on the ear of the night,
'Twas so like the last trumpet of doom,
That the sepulchres gaped with affright,

And the souls of the damned found their way
For a season to earth, and became
The leaders of sport for the night,
And cheer'd on the hounds to the game.

The call of Religion is heard,
And the soldiers of Jesus arise,
And rush to the slaughter with hate
In their hearts, and with lust in their eyes.

Who babble of mercy ? Behold,
This night 'tis forbidden to spare ;
For the hour is come, long appointed,
The sword of Jehovah is bare.

The angels shall weep as they see
How our Catholic chivalry greet
The women that kneel in their anguish,
And helpless for mercy entreat.

And the scent of the blood and the burning
Like incense sha'l climb to the stars
That ride in the vault of the heaven,
Remote from this earth and its wars.

For to-night is the Lord's, and his vengeance
Shall redder the waters of Seine ;
Let the reapers go forth to the harvest,
And gather this Huguenot grain. H. E. E. M.

AUTUMN EVEN-SONG.

THE long cloud edged with streaming gray,
Soars from the west;
The red leaf mounts with it away,
Showing the nest
A blot among the branches bare :
There is a cry of outcasts in the air.
Swift little breezes, darting chill,
Pant down the lake;
A crow flies from the yellow hill,
And in its wake
A baffled line of lat-ouring rooks :
A purple bow the shadowless river looks.
Pale on the panes of the old hall
Gleams the lone space
Between the sunset and the squall;
And on its face
Mournfully glimmers to the last :
Great oaks grow mighty minstrels in the blast.
Pale the rain-rutted roadways shine
In the green light
Behind the cedar and the pine :
Come, thundering night!
Blacken broad earth with hoards of storm :
For me yon valley-cottage beckons warm.
GEORGE MEREDITH.

THE BLIND WOMAN OF MANZANARES.

THERE is in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum of Madrid a blind old woman known as *La Ciega de Manzanares*, some of whose exhibitions of the improvisatore arts have excited great attention from their appropriateness and poetical beauty. It has been usual to introduce her into the *tertulias* or conversazioni of the capital; and, over-hearing the conversations that take place, she breaks out in sudden bursts of poetry. We will attempt to convey an idea by translations of some of these outpourings. A lady having been asked whether she was studying the art of dramatic declamation, the *Ciega* stopped the reply thus :—

What!—to the theatre you'll go,
And try your fascinations there,—
An actress? maiden, be it so,
And blest and brilliant your career!
Let glory on your brow descend,—
Yet hear the counsels of a friend,
And make a wiser, happier choice;
For know, no sounds are ever heard
So sweet as maiden's loving word,
The wife's, the mother's household voice.

One of her impassioned verses reminds us of some of Milton's touching references to his own blindness :—

For me the sun over the mountain height
Flings his fresh beams in vain.—In vain for me
The awakened Venus fills her lamp with light,
And morn breaks forth in joy and festive glee.
In vain the fragrant rose excites the longing
Its tints, its motions, and its form to see—
No beauty mine—No! nothing but the thronging
Of multitudinous blanks of misery.

She has been called on to improvise verses, omitting all words in which the vowels most commonly occurring in Spanish are found, and there has been no hesitation in their production.

The vowel *e* is the letter most frequently employed in the Spanish language, and being asked by a lady of distinguished grace and beauty to produce a stanza in which that letter should be wholly wanting, the *Ciega* improvised this verse :

Thou art indeed a floweret
bright,
And thou hast eyes of crystal light,
And lips so delicate and fine
They make a mouth almost
divine, [pursue
And while thy cautious feet
Their path, to virtue ever
true, [goest
Around, before thee as thou
Thou all the charms of
beauty throwest,
And all admire and praise
and bless
Thy heart of love and gentleness.



THE SHADOW KISS.



Two deep bay windows lit the room
In which we watch'd the evening gloom ;
In this myself and Lucy sat,
Pater and maiden aunts in that ;
The gaslight on the fls.s below
And on our ceiling cast a glow.

While pater and his coterie
Talk'd matters parliamentary ;
Or rul'd, with solemn shake of head,
How prudently the young should wed,
In *my* committee I sa'd, " This,
My dearest, is the time to kiss ! "

Lured by the shadowy hour and nook,
The proffer'd pledge she coyly took ;
When, lo ! by our unlucky fate,
In silhouette, our tête-a-tête,
Noses and pouted lips were all
Obliquely shadow'd on the wall !

So, when the footman brings in tea,
Sombre are they, and scarlet we :
The lamp has prematurely shown
A truth we had not dared to own :
Small thanks to light untimely cast,—
And yet this kiss was not our last !

J. S.